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ESSAYS.



MISCELLANEOUS

ESSAYS.

BY

THE REV. EDWARD MANGIN, M.A.

=

“If the subject be slight, the treatise is likewise short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience.”

JOHNSON'S *Life of Addison*

LONDON :

HOPE AND CO., PUBLISHERS,

16, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1851.

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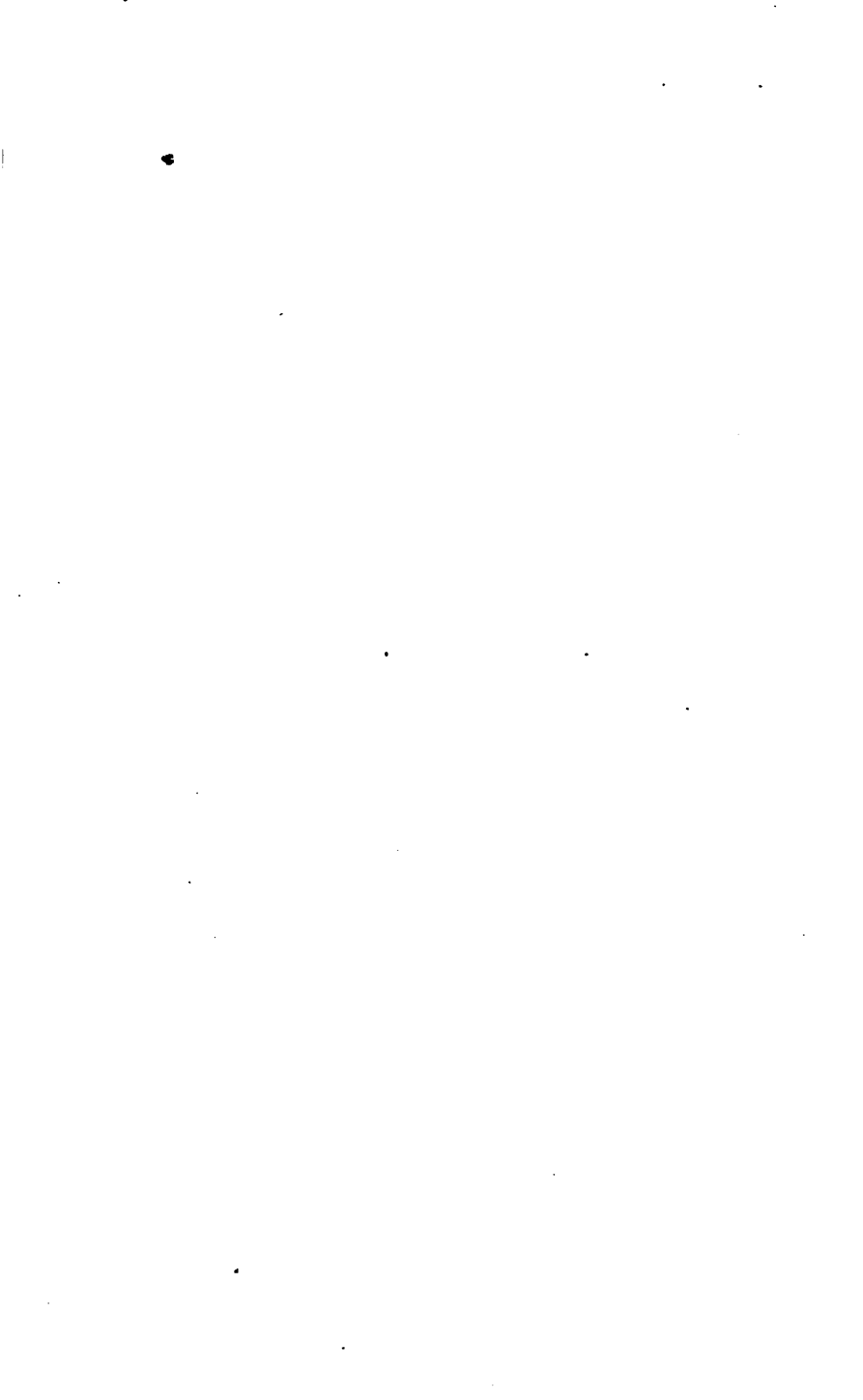
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P R E F A C E.

MOST of the following brief, desultory, and unpretending Essays have been already published as communications to provincial papers, &c. ; but, as the writer apprehends that there may be found, mingled with much of a trifling and local character, some articles admitting of a general and useful application, he ventures to collect and reprint as many as will compose a volume for the table of the lounge and the invalid.



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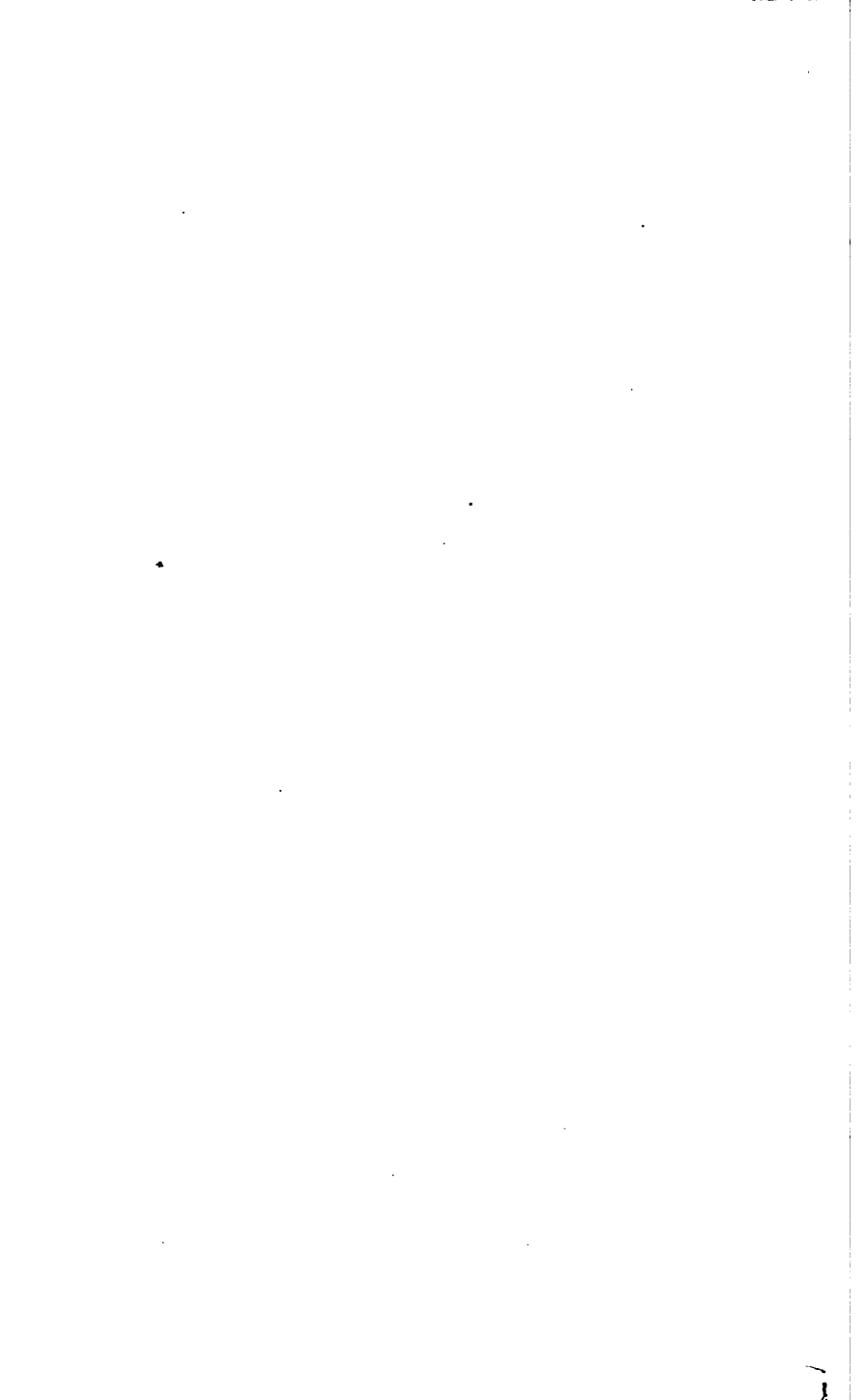
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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many, then, should cover that stand bare—
How many be commanded, that command!

Merchant of Venice.

To the Editor of the United Service Gazette.

SIR,—Do me and your unbiassed readers the favour to find room in your widely circulated *Gazette* for a short statement of a case of great hardship. Of all the grievances to which humanity is exposed, the sorest, perhaps, is that which wounds what we

term our feelings—these every one possesses more or less ; and the nicest are, I believe generally ascribed, in this portion of Europe, to him who belongs to the profession of arms—to him who is understood, in every instance to covet nothing so much as honour, and to dread nothing but disgrace. This it will not be disputed, is an accurate definition of the thorough-bred British seaman : of a class of individuals to whom the love of glory, and of their native soil, is not only a familiar sentiment, but with whom it is the source of almost every thought and every act—among such, at least, as fill the station of officers of any grade in the navy. In a community like ours, it would be easy to prove that the persons in question, had their object been self-indulgence and sordid lucre, could have secured that object to a much greater extent, without courting fatigue and peril, and acquired competent means, if not opulence, on *terra firma*, and “in robes of peace.” But, animated by

energies of a higher order, these men are seen cheerfully to encounter the chances of mutilation and death, that they may uphold the credit of the land which gave them birth.

Shall all that is past be forgotten ? Shall we fail to remember that, to our fighting ships in time of war, we are mainly indebted for every blessing which makes existence precious to civilized beings—for freedom from the inexpressible horrors of foreign domination, and for the enjoyment of home and its numberless endearments ? Shall we, ungrateful, forget that Nelson's parting sigh was willingly given by the hero to purchase the safety of his beloved England ?

The foregoing is, I trust, applicable in no small degree to what, with entire sincerity and the deepest sympathy, I have now to mention, namely, that there are, in the city from which I write, and, doubtless, in other parts of the realm, several naval officers, to the peculiar cruelty of whose situation I could

wish, if possible, to draw the public attention; and your *Gazette* strikes me as being best calculated to produce that effect. These worn-out warriors, and their numerous friends, are as much astonished as afflicted at the fate which has recently befallen them, when, by the arrangements made through the influence of parties in power, they find themselves unaccountably passed over in the List of Promotion, and denied that rank, and rank was all their lofty spirit sought for, which had been the aim of their lives; to attain which their youthful strength and their bloom of manhood had been devoted with generous ardour, and which, as a testimony of the approbation of their country, was the last gift that country could bestow upon chieftains of unblemished reputation, grown decrepit and grey in her service. The officers alluded to most naturally expected to be raised to a higher rank; ambition, which the poet splendidly entitles, "That last infirmity of noble mind," led them to

reckon upon the wished-for step as a certainty. They deemed it nothing exorbitant to demand, not only as their right, but as a fitting recompense to aged men who have, literally speaking, shared in as many conflicts as they have lived years ; who bear about them the scars of honourable daring, and whose names sparkle on the national records as foremost among the " valiant and the true."

It is, sir, as I have already said, a hard lot, and one which, I venture to assert, should excite, not the pity, but the indignation of a people famed throughout the world for a love of justice. It has, I confess, aroused mine to witness the tremour of the manly frame, and the tear of anguish standing in the eyes of those who once, when duty summoned and the enemies' fire blazed around them, knew neither trembling nor agitation, but gladly and gaily faced the dangers of pain and extinction in their country's cause. If my communications

and my comments shall be considered unfair or extravagant, I have said too much ; if otherwise, I need add no more on this mortifying subject.

I am, Sir, &c.

Bath, Sept. 26th, 1840.

[We sympathise with our correspondent most cordially in his indignation at the treatment of the gallant veterans to whom he alludes, but this is an age of economy in everything that concerns the service of the army and navy. Whilst we cannot afford to be honest to them, to the tune of a few thousands, we can provide a hundred thousand pounds for new stables at Windsor; some 50,000*l.* for turning Windsor Park into gardens; and about as much for capricious alterations of the metropolitan palaces. So economical are we, that we can, in fact, afford to lose 300,000*l.* worth of ships and stores in a single night, although we cannot afford a few shillings a week

for the watchmen whose presence would have prevented such a catastrophe.]

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Your readiness, on all occasions, to promote whatever may conduce to public instruction, and advance the progress of the national mind, will, I feel assured, incline you to give a place in your popular journal to the following communication. Some days ago I happened to read, in an Irish newspaper, a statement of a very curious and interesting nature. I refer to an account of a novel and most useful discovery, which, indeed, the sequel will show it to have been.

The writer of the paragraph observes that if glass utensils are boiled in *milk*, they

lose their brittle character, and may bid defiance to all ordinary accidents. It will easily be supposed that, without any particular fondness for my *glass*, I am sufficiently an economist to be desirous of doing everything which might, at least, retard the destruction of that species of property as long as possible. I accordingly prepared, with no small anxiety, to make the experiment: and forthwith directed my servant, who is, by the by, full of enthusiasm in matters of the kind, to put down a substantial beer-glass, value eight-pence, to boil in a saucepan full of milk, the cost whereof was about fourpence more. The boiling process was allowed to continue for nearly five hours; when taking out the glass, I proceeded to try the effect in the presence of several members of my family, and pushing it from the margin of the dining table, caused it to drop on the carpet beneath. You are, sir, too firmly a friend to science not to share heartily in the tumultuous gratification

enjoyed by the bystanders, when I inform you that—falling from a height which had before been fatal to sundry dozens of fragile articles, and exceedingly pernicious to my pocket—the beer-glass in question, to our inexpressible astonishment as well as delight, was immediately perceived to be subdivided into about one hundred and fifty fragments ; in fact, to be the most decidedly broken glass, which, in my long experience I think I have ever seen. I believe I need not add any more than that I am simply yours.

LORD BROUGHAM AND NAPOLEON.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR, — In the *Sun* of the 4th instant appeared (a continuation of) some observations on an article in No. 137 of the

Edinburgh Review, upon which I venture to offer to the public, through the medium of the *Bath Herald*, a few remarks, tending, I trust, to show *Lord Brougham*, and his hero, *Napoleon*, in a light rather less favourable than that in which the celebrated Northern Quarterly has exhibited them, and one nearer to the truth. Lord Brougham, whom (with the rest of the world), I conclude to be the author of the essay in question, though he has not avowed himself as such, has, no doubt, a right to entertain and declare *his* opinion of Buonaparte; I have as much right to promulgate mine; and the reader is equally at liberty to form his judgment upon both: on Lord Brougham's portrait, completed by fancy touches; on mine, by historical facts. Lord Brougham describes Napoleon as one of the greatest warriors, if not the greatest, that ever lived; as the first of politicians and legislators; as a man of the most magnificently romantic powers of imagination; as

a profound mathematician, and a most accomplished writer. And then, comparing him with JULIUS CÆSAR (!), calls the illustrious Roman "a vain coxcomb," and his inimitable commentaries "an insipid composition." I presume to acquaint Lord Brougham not only with what I myself please to think of Napoleon, but with the character he really merits, which he has partly had already from many a press, and pen, and tongue in Europe, and will infallibly receive from the dispassionate inquirer of after times. Napoleon was scarcely what even in France would be acknowledged as educated, and little better than a boy when admitted into the army, with barely the usual acquirements of a young French artilleryman. A mushroom of the revolution, he was, when about one-and-twenty, in the station of a field-officer, and for many years following was much engaged in active warfare; so active, as to preclude the possibility of his cultivating polite literature,

and so devoted to his sanguinary trade that it is more than probable he thought of nothing else. When in command, his studies must have been confined to an occasional perusal of war-office despatches and the *Moniteur*; and as Chieftain, Consul and Emperor we may be pretty confident that he had but little time to spare for *belles lettres*. We may, therefore, conclude what the proportion was which *his* literary attainments bore to those of the first CÆSAR, who began *his* career as a distinguished scholar and pleader in the forum, in the most splendid hour of Roman refinement; then, assuming the profession of arms, he became perpetually *successful* as a general and a politician, and fell the victim of faction, but in full possession of *all* the objects for which he had gloriously toiled, leaving to posterity a personal narrative of his exploits, which, with profound respect for Lord Brougham's taste and erudition, has been esteemed by the learned for ages an example, in point of

composition, for the writer of history, and a faultless model of Latin style.

We will now take a view of Napoleon, whose schemes, in the capacity of negotiator and warrior, were almost numberless. Let us examine the results of some of them. He projected the subjugation and possession of Italy, which he ultimately and altogether lost; of India, through the conquest of Egypt, out of which he was beaten; of Portugal and Spain, which terminated likewise in defeat. So did his attempt to subdue Germany and Russia; and at last the same fate attended his darling purpose of invading and, by other means, destroying Great Britain; when, as it is REPORTED, he had to bewail, first, the utter demolition of his fleets at Trafalgar, and next, of his armies on the field of Waterloo. He robbed the repositories of the fine arts of their treasures, and was obliged to give them back to the right owners. His ingenious plan for converting Austria into an ally, by virtue of an adulte-

rous marriage, caused his father-in-law and his wife (since they must be so denominated) to desert him for his enemies, and leave him to shift for himself. His genius in diplomacy led him, on one occasion, to refuse such conditions from the combined powers as would have given him a larger realm than that over which Louis XIV. was ruler. To gratify his ambitious views he murdered and maimed myriads—not only of the population of those countries which opposed him, but twice as many of the manhood of France; where, be it remembered, he never enjoyed half the popularity of Robespierre, but was merely a favourite with his soldiery, because he bribed that body with rank, and flattery, and gold,—he being literally their *Captain Rolando*, and the troops his *banditti*. He broke the heart of Josephine, to whom he owed the brighter fortunes of his life. His manners in private, though more uncouth, were those of the guard-room and the *cabaret*. His wit and

learning consisted in incessant chattering (for he was a prodigious gossip) with such as were too politic or too subservient to reply, upon every imaginable topic—painting, poetry, anatomy, medicine, architecture, theology, &c., of which it was impossible he *could* know anything. He bought, at the price of diamonds, all the liars and servile scribblers of Paris to construct bulletins, speeches, and paragraphs, in order to procure for him the reputation of a *classic author*. His delicate device for guiding the destinies of France finished in his being treated with contempt by the nation, and sent out of the country by the voice of the senate and people. And finally, after playing tyrant in miniature over some half-dozen of domestics and his apothecary in the isle of St. Helena, he there crept into his dishonourable grave. And this is the pitiful and pitiless miscreant whom Lord Brougham and others conceive possessed of

endowments calculated to cast into shade the renown of JULIUS CÆSAR!

“*Verbum non,*” &c.,

But that I am, Sir, Lord Brougham’s
and your obedient servant.

THE NAVY CHAPLAIN.

To the Editor of the United Service Gazette.

SIR,—I trust you will be so good as to allow me space for what, I am afraid, will prove a rather verbose communication, but which shall, nevertheless, be as brief as I can make it, on the subject of Naval Chaplains, with whose situation in the service I had some little acquaintance during the last war; a long while ago, I admit; so long, that it is possible that the condition of a chaplain in a line-of-battle ship may have

been since altered and improved. But in essentials there cannot be such a change as to prevent a chaplain now-a-days from very closely resembling one of an older date.

Let us first suppose him to join his ship of seventy-four guns, in harbour, and just before going on a cruise. He has then to encounter certain scenes for which he is unfitted by early habits, the mode of his education, and the decent and serious character in which he is about to act. For it must be remembered that to him everything in a ship is strange, and that although all other seafaring persons may be reared to a maritime life from boyhood, the clergyman cannot. He does not dwell in a ship till arrived at full age, and nothing can possibly be more unlike another than his early training, and the position in which he finds himself, in the tar-smelling and floating town destined henceforth for his residence. He is, however, on board, and must do his best;

but that best will not be of much use in the circumstances to which I refer.

According to custom, while in harbour, and before the ship is paid, she receives multitudes of women, some of whom are quartered with the midshipmen in the cable-tier and cock-pit, the rest with the seamen in their berths. This arrangement is asserted to be a necessary evil, and better than allowing the men (who might in that case desert) to go ashore and visit their acquaintances; and, so far as the interests of the service are concerned, perhaps it is. But the license is productive of great embarrassment to the chaplain, whose office forbids him to approve of, or even to endure, what he is compelled to witness; and in every situation, especially that of a religious and moral teacher, to connive at licentiousness is to countenance it.

Each object, indeed, around our clergyman in a ship, in war time, is at variance with the sensibility of a rational and en-

lightened mind. Amidst preparations the most complex and ingenious, for the purposes of terrifying, slaying, mutilating, and plundering, his fellow-creatures, the chaplain must act and speak as becomes the professor and promoter of "peace and good-will among men."

Among his messmates in the ward-room he is inevitably reduced to a very torturing, and I may say, unmanageable dilemma. Their manners, in the best regulated naval society, will occasionally exceed the limits of decorum, and the chaplain must participate in their levity—a disgraceful compliance—or vainly try to restrain it; or fly for refuge to the tumult of the quarter-deck, or the confinement of his cabin. The chaplain, by his instructions, is enjoined not only to preach and pray at stated times, but is, besides, exhorted to do some things which are improper, and others which are impossible. For instance, in the "general instructions" issued from the Admiralty by the chaplain of the

forces, he is told that "his mediation will often allay feuds between equals, or divert that punishment from the inferior, which good order must otherwise exact." As to the first clause of this injunction, the chaplain, with the smallest imaginable knowledge of human tempers, must discover that no task is more delicate or difficult than that of attempting to interfere and prevent personal quarrels among men in the rank of naval officers, who happen to disagree; that his being thought to take a side, would constitute the chaplain a party man; and that from the moment of being so esteemed, his repose as a member of the mess, &c., would be at an end. With regard to the latter portion of the advice offered to the chaplain, "to exert himself to divert punishment," a slight share of penetration will be necessary to convince him what sort of reception his interference on such occasions is likely to meet with from an officer in a ship of war; who, if justified, will persevere

in doing his duty; and if unjustly disposed, will, probably, not be dissuaded from his purpose! The chaplain is advised by all means to "visit the sick, not only when sent for, but without being called on." The surgeon and his mates would, with perfect propriety object, in dangerous cases, to his official appearance in the sick bay. The abrupt entrance of the clergyman is, to a poor seaman, often a fatal signal, and the effects of such visits would frequently be, by depressing the already sinking spirits of the invalid, to exasperate all his symptoms. The chaplain is, moreover, recommended to be constant in his efforts to "correct the seamen for profane swearing, and intemperate language of every kind." The advice sounds plausibly, and it were much to be wished that he could be successful. But, when the after-guard is called, and the people are lazy in "turning up;" or, at the coming on of a gale, when the order is given to "strike top-gallant masts," and that this is not "done

handsome," the poor chaplain had better spare both his lungs and his ears, and retreat to his own deck or the ward-room.

The chaplain's accommodation, for the double purpose of sleep and concocting sermons ought not to be lost sight of. A short description of the starboard transom cabin, though all that can be afforded him, will serve to show whether or not his lodgings are calculated to answer the desired object. In a seventy-four, this apartment is formed into what appears to be a room of about eight feet broad and long, and nearly six feet high; one end and one side being composed of the ship's timbers, the other end and external sides of canvass strained on wooden framework, with a door of the same materials, and a small window in each, opening on hinges, and intended to admit as much light as can enter from the stern-port and after-port on the ship's starboard side. The latter is occupied by a two-and-thirty pounder, and not open except in easy

weather ; while the stern-port is still more frequently closed to prevent the sea from rushing in.

I have said that the tenement in question appears to be eight feet long and as many wide ; in fact, however, it is not quite five feet broad at one end, and is less than two at the other ; the ship's timbers projecting in the form of a shelf, on which, in the day time, the parson's cot may rest, when off the hooks ; and then the interior of this retirement is, in shape and size, nearly the same as a grand pianoforte ; but when the cot is, as it is termed, slung, the entire space is occupied. When the chaplain has turned in, that is gone to bed, he must reckon on that to which use may reconcile him, but which at first will prove rather alarming. At midnight, and at four in the morning, the "watch is called," in a voice, too, designedly of portentous loudness ; and the order to "turn out" is, as may be conjectured, not obeyed without considerable tumult. He

has another slight inconvenience to endure, namely, breathing the hot and foul air of the region allotted to him; because, on the same deck with the chaplain's cabin, about five hundred men are swinging in their hammocks, and the ports being necessarily closed during the night, the heat and smell in this cavern of about six feet in height, are overpowering. N.B. In this deck, from the stern to the mizen mast, stands a long table, at which the clerk's assistants, ship's boys learning to read and write, &c., are employed in the day time; when, the uproar created by these *literati*; by midshipmen continually rambling and rioting in the gun-room; and by seamen perpetually passing and re-passing, and stretching themselves out of the stern-ports; the chaplain finds it a matter of no small difficulty to write a letter; to say nothing of "composing discourses" for his flock. In this his domicile, however, he must learn to read and write by what is little better than bad twilight, and not un-

frequently in the noon of a summer day must carry on these operations by candle-light, or what your "blue jacket" facetiously terms—"a purser's moon." It may be asked, why not withdraw from the noise and darkness of his own deck to the ward-room? The question would be a very fair and pithy question from any one totally ignorant of the economy of a line-of-battle ship, and nobody else would ask it. The ward-room of a ship is a place not exactly adapted for study, unless it can be shown that the attention of the student is assisted by some of the following particulars connected with the above mentioned apartment, which, for the instruction of the uninitiated, may as well be described. In a two-decker it is usually about thirty feet in length, and sixteen or eighteen feet wide. Within the walls of painted canvass, are the cabins of six officers; the centre of the room being occupied by the mess-table, and the extremity under the stern windows by a pro-

jection called the "rudder head." Soon after day-break, several seamen are here employed to wash and scrub the flooring. They have scarcely finished, when the ward-room steward makes preparations for breakfast; a meal at which most of the members assemble punctually at eight o'clock, but which is not completely over till past nine; when, though the Doctor may have proceeded to his duty in the sick-bay, the master to his cage, and some of the lieutenants to their avocations on deck, a few still linger behind, for the various purposes of writing letters, playing backgammon, fencing, striving to sing in a manner independent of tune or words, trying to practise on a violin or a German flute, &c.; while, perhaps, a subaltern of Marines, very much devoted to the "pursuits of literature," may indulge himself by spelling his way through a "Steel's List," "Naval Instructions," or "Old Grumble," and seated on the rudder-head, relieve the fatigues of reading, by

imitating the beating of a drum with the aid of his heels against the locker beneath. To these murmurs may be joined, the occasional sawing and hammering of a ship's carpenter in some of the officers' cabins; the entrance of midshipmen for orders, or of the sergeant of Marines, or the corporal, on their different errands; or, of the officers to the quarter-gallery; or, of officers on visits of business or compliment, from other ships to those who are here at home; or of the ward-room steward and his assistants to inspect and regulate the state of glasses and decanters; or, of officers' servants with the boots and coats of their employers.

And, soon after one, the cloth is to be laid, and everything made ready against four bells, or two o'clock, when the drum beats, and dinner appears. We will suppose this meal finished, the walk, for health's sake, on the quarter-deck concluded, tea over, and nine o'clock arrived. Then the rummers are set down, the glass of grog goes round,

and the fifty-times-told story of everybody is told once more—till ten o'clock comes—when, enter the master-at-arms to intimate that “lights and fires on board are extinguished,” a signal for the speedy dispersion and disappearance of all parties, who forthwith vanish ; the lieutenant of the watch to the deck above, the other five inhabitants of the ward-room to their dens on each side of it ; the doctor and purser sink down into their tartarean caves in the cockpit, and leave the chaplain and his neighbours in the gun-room to dive and grope their way into their dormitories.

The chaplain may next be supposed endeavouring to discover the general character of his *parishioners*, and to have become, without intending it, familiarly acquainted with coamings and shot-lockers ; with the splinter netting ; the throwing out, and answering of signals, the calling of the after-guard, up hammocks, and down hammocks ; with lar-bowlings and starbowlings ; with “heave

round, men, heave round;" "jump up, jolly boat's crew!" "lower handsome!" "thyse, thyse, steady—e—ee," "maintop!" "Ay, ay, sir." Add his thoroughly understanding the mysteries of swabbing and holy-stoning, and his intimacy with the mizen, main, and fore trucks; bits, tops, and cross-trees; the puttock shrouds, mizen peak, and dolphin striker; bunting, spun yarn, and duck, stanchions, grapnels, grummets, and wind-sails; his being able to distinguish the fore, main, and after hatchways; the launch from the captain's barge, the first cutter from the second cutter, and the pinnacle from the jolly boat, and the arm chest from the signal chest, and to comprehend the meaning of clinker built, and if a ship walked well through the water, and what a shave signifies, and being sharp enough to prefer soft tommy to purser's nuts, &c. But the meaning of all this is, that however scrupulously the chaplain in a seventy-four may do his duty, he will, at best, be respected

and endured, and is woefully out of place; and that a clergyman had better be insignificant in civilized scenes than waste his faculties in the unnatural and perilous situation of a mariner; a dweller in a prison, within the narrow limits of which dwell likewise constraint, disease, ignorance, insensibility, tyranny, sameness, dirt, and foul air; and to these subjoined the dangers of ocean, fire, mutiny, pestilence, battle, and exile. I could, it may be concluded, take a favourable view of my subject, but I have intentionally done the reverse, in order to prove that there should exist no such evil as war; we should then have no armed vessels, nor any need of such a functionary as a minister of the religion of purity and peace in a fighting ship.

August 14, 1840.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Your paper having been, since its

establishment, most deservedly esteemed a depository for poetical effusions of pure religious sentiment, sound morality, and literary elegance, it strikes me that the following specimens may prove acceptable. Their originality will, I hope, recommend them to your numerous tasteful readers, as well as the sweetness of the verse in which the thoughts of the writers are embodied, their heart-touching tenderness, and—above all—the sublime precept of social virtue conveyed in the last of the extracts; copies of which I have the great pleasure to transmit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Nov. 9th, 1842.

INSCRIPTION

On a Tombstone in the Burial Ground of WESTON, near Bath.

Children what dies in infancy
Is like a flower in bloom ;
For God who sent them only lent 'em,
And takes what is his own.

At a school, in Clapham, sentences are written out and suspended on the walls, for

the instruction of the scholars; the ensuing is one of these:—

It is a sin
To steal a pin :
But it is a greater
To steal a potater.

LONDON PUFFING.

“ A new tragedy from the pen of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, named *Ion*, was performed on Thursday evening at Covent Garden theatre with triumphant success. It is spoken of as one of the most splendid efforts of the Tragic Muse that have appeared for many years. Mr. Macready performed the character of *Ion* in a masterly and effective style.”

ION;

A Tragedy—by T. N. TALFOURD; 2nd Edition. Moxon,
London.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Having read and listened to numberless eulogies on the new Tragedy of Ion, I resolved, as far as a perusal of the piece could qualify me, to study it, and judge for myself. Be pleased to insert the following remarks in your paper, that at least one person in the circle of Bath society may be known to have formed an impartial (though possibly an erroneous) opinion on the Tragedy of Ion.

It appears, then, to me, that the popularity of Ion is an additional instance of what may be effected by the art of *puffing*. The manager, the publisher, and the trading critic, are alike interested; and by the efficacy of their combined operations, the people are cheated into purchasing tickets for the theatre, and copies from the bookseller; and

the unthinking and uneducated into a belief that *Ion* is the splendid work of a genuine tragic poet.

Now, according to my conception, *Ion* is, at best, nothing but the *pretty* writing of an inexpert author; possessing, nevertheless, considerable genius, a good deal of taste, and some elegance of mind. Still his tragedy is totally deficient in vigour, and abounds in badly constructed verse, and in all those silly *modernisms* and monstrous absurdities which enrapture the governess, the dress-maker and the romantic school-boy, but are nauseated by such as are familiar with the grand and masculine character of the old English drama, and who know what true dramatic poetry is.

Ion is stuffed with similes, for which the author's rage is so great that he perpetually arrests the progress of his action in order to introduce one. Can anything, for instance, be more puerile and ill-judged than a speech made by *Ctesiphon* (Act 4, Scene 2), where he exclaims, in metaphor—

"Go teach the eagle, when in azure heaven
He *upward* darts to seize his maddened prey,
Shivering through the death-circle of its fears," &c.

Here we have the prey of the eagle, which is commonly a smaller and weaker bird than the eagle, or a lamb, or, mayhap a sucking-pig, *above* the eagle in the skies ! And, of

"Shivering through the death-circle of its fears,"

it would be no easy matter to make either verse or sense !

In Act 3, Scene 2, "Ion, approaching the altar, and lifting the knife," *i.e.*, in the most important moment of the author's fable, delivers a speech of three or four and twenty verses, concerning "beautiful Olympus," "Apollo's minstrelsy," "dim chaos," "*faded* battlements," and so forth. And, presently after, approaching Adrastus asleep, and when one might suppose silence and rapidity of execution rather requisite, spouts out seventeen verses, terminating with a resolution to

awake the king, and warn him of his *intention* to stab him !

In Act 5, Scene 1, Ion says—

“ I would speak

A word of her who yester-morning rose
To her light duties, with as blithe a heart
As ever yet its equal *beating* veiled
In *moveless* alabaster.”

It may be asked, what is “ *moveless alabaster* ?” Alabaster is usually of a transparent *yellow* ! But the writer’s meaning possibly is that Clemanthe’s bosom was white and *motionless*, which, be it observed, the bosom of a *live* woman could not be ! Alas ! sir, further scrutiny into such a mass of flowery foolishness, would be ridiculous. Ion is nothing better than a genteel, feeble thing ; nor can honesty and common discernment speak of it in higher terms.

Allow me now, a word or two on a different subject.

In the *Bath Herald* of Saturday, July 2nd, appears an article “ Part of the 19th Psalm,

versified, from *sacred songs*, &c." on which I beg leave to offer a remark. The lines extracted are good ones; better, perhaps, than those in what is called *Addison's* translation of the same fine composition. The verses, however, attributed to, and, in fact, claimed by *Addison*, are, on some authority, said to be not his, but the accomplished Andrew Marvell's (see Taylor's "Records of my life"); but, whether Addison's or not, the author of the version, as well as the poet in "Sacred Songs," has totally misunderstood the meaning of the words of an important passage, even in our prose translation of the 19th Psalm, to be found in the "Book of Common Prayer." In that translation we have—

"There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them."

In the "Latin Liturgy," we read—

"Idque ita ut nullus sermo, nulla lingua sit, ubi non audiatur eorum vox."

In the "Greek Liturgy," by Duport,
Dean of Peterborough—

“Οὐκ εἰσὶ λαλῖαι οὐδὲ λόγοι ὧν ὁυχὶ ἀκουονται αἱ φωναὶ
αὐτῶν.

Now, Addison, or whoever the versifier
was, has these lines—

“ What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no *real voice nor sound*
Amidst their radiant orbs be found,
In reason's ear they all rejoice,” &c.

And the poet, quoted in the *Herald*, pro-
ceeds thus—

“ What though no *human speech*, nor living sound,
Swell on the breeze and wake the world around,
Though *silent* all, a *language* still they find,
A *voice*, to speak their truths to all mankind,” &c.

This is awful blundering; the meaning
of the word “but” in our prose translation
being totally misapprehended; it implies *but*
what—a popular usage, and the signification
is, “there is no nation or region *but what*
has heard their proclamation of the power

of God." Here is not the slightest allusion to *silence*; but the reverse of silence is intended by the Psalmist!

Having, in some essays formerly published, introduced an observation to the effect of what I have now said, I shall here take my leave of the subject.

I am, Sir, &c.

THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Permit me to offer to your notice a statement respecting the great sea serpent, which may serve to amuse some among your readers. I lately looked into an old and well-known folio volume, "The History of the Northern Nations," by Olaus Magnus, printed for Humphrey Mosely, &c., London, 1658, and at page 235 lighted on

the following section of the Archbishop of Upsall's book, which seems to confirm every thing recently advanced as to the prevailing belief of the existence of the monster of the deep referred to; and due allowance being made for the credulity of the learned and worthy metropolitan of Sweden, to connect itself, curiously enough, with several momentous political occurrences of the day.

I am, Sir, &c.

April 4th, 1849.

"OF THE GREATNESS OF THE NORWAY SERPENT.

"They who in works of navigation, on the coast of Norway, employ themselves in fishing or merchandise, do all agree in this strange story, that there is a serpent there which is of a vast magnitude, namely, 200 feet long, and moreover, 20 feet thick; and is wont to live in rocks and caves toward the sea-coast about Berge; which will go alone from his holes in a clear night in summer and devour calves, lambs, and hogs; or else he goes into the sea to feed on polypus, locusts, and all sorts of sea crabs. He hath commonly hair hanging from his neck a cubit long, and sharp scales, and is black, and he hath flaming shining eyes. This snake disquiets the shippers, and he puts up his head on high like a pillar, and catcheth away men, and he

devours them ; and this happeneth not but it signifies some wonderful change of the kingdom near at hand, namely, that the Princes shall die or be banished ; or some tumultuous wars shall presently follow."

"THE EXILE OF ST. HELENA."

To the Editor.

SIR,—Your having been so obliging as to insert, in the *Bath Herald*, of the 14th inst., a communication from me, in which I ventured to offer to public notice a few observations on Mr. Dart's fine poem, which, in June last, gained the prize at Oxford, I am induced to request the additional favour of a place in your literary column for something more on the interesting subject of the Oxford verses.

To have been distinguished as Mr. D.'s performance was, is a sufficient proof of superlative merit ; because in so great a

university, the poetical candidates must always be numerous; and among those who strove for the bright reward of genius at the late Commemoration, were, doubtless, several young men of first-rate talents.

In fact it was my good fortune to see the compositions of more than one youthful bard, which, though inferior to Mr. D.'s poem, were, nevertheless, exceedingly clever, and such as, perhaps, at another time, would have afforded some one of their authors a very fair chance of success.

From the least pretending of these,* I select a passage here and there, as specimens of what, if I do not quite deceive myself, might hereafter be poetry; but the writer seems to have disregarded or disdained all method in his lucubrations; and, indeed, was, I suspect, too much engaged in studies of a severer character, to allow of his devoting enough of his time to the fascinating employment of versifying. This

* By the Rev. E. N. M.

undisciplined minstrel commences with an apostrophe to the singularly situated island, and her luckless and illustrious prisoner; and certainly has contrived to infuse both fire and pictorial *discrimination* into his exordium:—

“Thou lonely isle! whose rocky mountains rise,
 Now wrapt in clouds, now bright in summer skies;
 Against whose cliffs, and loud resounding shore,
 The broad Atlantic’s crested billows roar—
 Wild Saint Helena! In the morning breeze,
 Which freshly rustles through thy Bannian trees,
 Why stands that figure on thy giddy height,
 Watching the sea bird wheel its airy flight?
 Whence that dejected mien—that restless eye—
 Those folded arms—and that long, long drawn sigh?
 Art thou some wanderer—and dost thou roam
 On Fancy’s pinions to thy distant home?—
 And dost thou in those burnished clouds behold
 Thine own blue mountains tipt with molten gold?
 Or art thou, Stranger, resting here awhile,
 Bound to some other still more distant isle:—
 As the sea eagle in his onward flight,
 A moment pauses on some craggy height,
 Then slowly rising skims along the spray
 In search of other seas—of other prey?

* * * * *

Or, Exile, art thou, banished from thy home,
 Condemned on this lone rock for e’er to roam?

'For e'er to roam,' an echo low replies,
And on the wind in hollow murmur dies."

The poet (if we may so denominate him) proceeds to draw a portrait of the mighty Exile, which displays some such touches of rugged fidelity as attract us in the pictures of the early Masters.

" In childhood's rosy morn * *
* * * * *

When summer's suns emit a warmer ray ;
When green-woods look more green, and ev'ry rill
With sweeter music tinkles down the hill—
It pleased not thee in sportive mood to stray
And join thy young companions in their play.

* * * * *
* * * * *

For thee no melody had magic charms,
Thine—was the braying clang of martial arms :—
The trumpet-call alone, and mailed vest,
Made glow thy cheek, and warmed thy youthful breast :
Boys were thy soldiers—boys thy enemies,
And mimic forts arose—and mimic batteries."

Further on, we have a glance at Napoleon's sudden change of fortune :—

" Few were the years which rolled their silent tides
And swift, with prosp'rous gale, his life-bark glides :

When lo ! what lowering storm, with howling blast,
 Arrests her course, and strains her creaking mast !
 From northern regions borne, the snowy cloud
 Wraps the frail vessel in its icy shroud :
 Backward she sweeps, and from the tempest flies,
 While Moscow's fires illumine the blood-red skies :
 Droops the IMPERIAL BIRD—his wings no more
 Triumphant shadow every ocean-shore." "

* * * * *
 * * * * *

" And Fortune *seem'd* to smile as on she led
 The fated Army through the Belgian mead.
 Mark now his glitt'ring troops, in lengthened train,
 Winding their sparkling stream across the plain.
 Then view the lurid smoke which rolled on high :
 Hark that loud roar which rent the murky sky ;
 That thrilling shout which through the squadrons flew
 Along the final field of WATERLOO !"

But I must not be exorbitant, nor exact
 too much from your patience and that of
 your readers ; therefore, asking pardon for
 what I have done, and promising not speedily
 to repeat the offence, I take my leave.

July 28, 1838.

SHAKSPEARE.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Mr. Holworthy, in one of his interesting lectures lately delivered in this city, on the genius of Shakspeare, particularly as it appears in “The Merchant of Venice,” repeated the words of a passage in the play, precisely as they are given in Johnson’s edition: they occur in Shylock’s speech (Act 2, Scene 6).

“——The vile squeaking of the wry-neck’d fife.”

I suspect, however, that it is not what the poet wrote, although I do not remember that the remark has been made by any of Shakspeare’s numerous commentators. Malone’s edition I have not at hand.

According to our notion of the *fife* it is perfectly straight; nor, indeed, can I comprehend how such a musical instrument

should be differently shaped: *i e.*, awry or crooked. I therefore, with great deference to better judges, venture to suggest that we should read "the wryneck fife," as alluding to the bird called the Wryneck, (in Latin, *Torquilla*,) the natural note of which may, for aught I know, be shrill and sharp, like the sound of the instrument in question. It is only fair to observe that the probable incorrectness of the text as we have it, is the conjecture of a young man very nearly related to the writer; but I hope the subject, which is not so trifling as at first sight it may seem to many, will be taken up by some abler critic than,

Sir, your humble Servant.

December 28th, 1840.

To Miss — G.

" *The Crescent's Light*.

We've heard of Sarah's Eyes, and Anna's,
Eliza's, Ellen's, Jane's, and Sophy's,
Maria's, Emily's, Susannah's
And of the broken hearts—their trophies.

Of sapphire Eyes, and dove-like Eyes,
Love-darting Eyes, Eyes sly, and sunny ;
Eyes that from Swains draw heavy sighs,
And from a Miser coax his money.

Of Eyes like di'monds, jet, or stars ;
Eyes to be envied by the fawn ;
Eyes such as Shakspeare gives to Mars,
And Eyes that emulate the dawn :

Eyes cruel, murd'rous Eyes, that pierce
Men's bosoms through—like polish lances ;
And Eyes that scorch with flames so fierce,
And Eyes that slay with side-long glances :

Of sleepy Eyes, too, Poets chaunt ;
And Eyes that can't help running riot ;
And roguish Eyes—that only want
To rob each gazer of his quiet.

But—all the Eyes recounted here,
Could all these Eyes their charms combine,
Would, lovely maid, in *mine* appear
Dreary and dim—compared with thine.

July, 23, 1832.

PENNIE, THE POET.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Your benevolence, at all times prompt to assist the unhappy and the deserving, will, it is hoped, provide a place in the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette* for the following feeble effort to attract the notice of the Public towards a writer of more than ordinary pretensions.

I am, Sir, &c.,

Bath, August 29th, 1839.

It would be difficult to discover, in the literary records of this nation, any individual in circumstances similar to those of J. Fitzgerald Pennie. He has written much and well, been much read, been widely and justly applauded, and as justly and generally admitted to be not only a man of extensive attainments, and a genuine votary of the Muse, but a person of unexceptionable

morals, whose works are eminently calculated to grace the country of his birth and uphold her reputation in the world of letters, to augment the national stock of refined enjoyment, and to excite in the British heart at one and the same time a taste for learning, a love of virtue, and the purest sentiments of the purest religion. Yet, after all, as far as sublunary benefits are concerned, Mr. Pennie might as well have lived unknown, or wasted his hours in indolence! The *laudatur et alget* of the Roman satirist applies most pointedly to him; his social condition being, it is believed, anything but what it should be. And although the day will probably come when his name will be repeated with honour, and his fine verses quoted on the banks of the Rhine, the Ohio, and the Ganges, this will not happen until the author of "Britain's Historical Drama" shall have become insensible alike to the approbation and censure of mankind. His hard lot, alas! illustrates Swift's mag-

nificent outbreak in the "Rhapsody." "No homeless, unknown miscreant," says the Dean,

"Is so disqualified by Fate
To rise in Church, in Law, or State,
As he whom Phoebus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire!"

Pennie, notwithstanding the comparative neglect he has experienced, and stimulated by what Milton grandly terms

"That last infirmity of noble mind,"

honourable ambition,—Pennie perseveres, and has recently brought forth a *second* series of "Britain's Historical Drama," abounding, like the first, in poetical and sparkling beauties, of which it is requisite to produce a few very brief specimens, to countenance, in some measure, the eulogium passed on the writer's genius: these shall however, be as much curtailed as possible, the better to conform to the character of this slight notice of one, the praise of whose

powers should, in justice to him and his readers, have fallen into abler hands.

The last publication consists of a series of national tragedies, descriptive, as before, of the manners, customs, &c., of Britain, in different eras: their titles are—"The English Slave," "The Devoted One," and "The Varangian;" each followed in the volume, a very splendid 8vo., by notes of admirable interest, rich in learned lore, and infinitely more alluring than explanatory annotations usually are. The tragedies in question refer to the manners and habits of the English people, and those of contemporary foreigners in the eleventh century; and, so far as we of the present age can conceive, exhibit faithful portraits of the subjects delineated. In fact, the fidelity of the drawings seems quite equal to those felicitous views of by-gone scenes presented to his reader, by the magic pen of Scott, and are certainly rendered not less fascinating by the charm of Pennie's versification, which is, as ever,

harmonious and flowing; sweet, perhaps, to a fault, when employed in dramatic dialogue, in which occasional *discords* are, as in instrumental music, more than pardonable. But the pleasing task of extracting must no longer be delayed. It would, possibly, be well for the *Tournament* at Eglinton Castle if matters have been *got up* for it in a style as brilliant and correct as the ensuing. In Act 1st of "The Varangian," Osmond, the Norman lord, exclaims—

. "Give me thy listed fields,
Bright France, again! My spirit burns to view,
Though but in fancy, those gay scenes of fame.
Gold-bannered tents and curtained galleries spread
Their rainbow dyes on every side, with kings
And princes thronged in gorgeous majesty;
Where twice a thousand radiant beauties shone
With bright gems splendid, and still brighter eyes
That formed a galaxy of mingled beams
Circling the noisy barriers. Then, what crowds
Of warlike knights and steeds of noble breed,
In polished arms and jewelled trappings clad,
That dashed the sun-light off in vivid streams,
Till the far-shining plain seemed all on fire.
In such an hour, how swelled my joyous heart
As the loud trump rang forth its martial peal,
And called me to the strife."

In Act 2nd of "The English Slave," Elfilia, a stately Saxon lady, gives a valley-scene of transcendent loveliness, and in numbers worthy of all admiration :

"How am I changed ! Erewhile in splendid robes,
Mid bannered halls and glittering pomp, I moved
Gaily and proudly ; while the air I breathed
Was rich with odours and harmonious sounds
Of harps and viols. Now, in these coarse weeds,
I am the slave of slaves. Yet have I pomp ;
The golden skies of morn are o'er these vales
That sheltered me outspread, where every grove
Is filled with melodies, and soft the winds
Breathe of the rose and violet."

But, with one more short passage (for the indulgence of quoting should have its limits) this article must be concluded. In Act 2nd of "The Devoted One," Zandagast, a Sclavonian chieftain, thus portrays The Everlasting ; and it will be allowed that both the thought and the language belong to the first order of composition, and might, without disparagement, be claimed by the author of "Paradise Lost" himself, or a greater bard, could a greater be found :

“The all-powerful Deity, whose dwelling is
The temple of the skies : who frowns—and light
Departeth from the sun : who speaks in wrath,—
And thunders roll throughout immensity ;
Who looks abroad, and in his awful glance
Darkness and Night die on their funeral pyre :
Who smiles—and the glad earth and heaven shine out
In glory measureless : who speaks in love,—
And cloudy mountains, hollow vale, and wood,
Drink deep of music : with whose viewless spirit,
Ocean, inspired, doth break forth into song.”

THE BATH STAGE.

MR. YOUNG. — Yesterday evening the lovers of fine acting were gratified by witnessing Mr. Young's *Hamlet*. We have already seen this matchless exhibition with so much pleasure, and praised it in such terms, that we cannot reasonably be expected to find new expressions by which to describe either our enjoyment, or this great actor's merit. It is much, yet not too much,

to say that *all his Hamlet* is excellence. To us, the Princely Dane seems an epitome of the poet's genius: his delineation of this dramatic personage includes almost every grand property of the mind; and Young's powers force the spectator to think so, and to acquiesce in the truth of *Ophelia's* encomium; in Young, we have before our eyes, "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form." In the high polish of his manners, and the grace of his action, we see "the expectancy and rose of the fair state;" the royal, the intellectual, and the gentle, beauteously combined. Nothing on the stage can be imagined superior to the general effect of his conception and portraiture of the Prince of Denmark; the delicacy with which he represents dignified sorrow and manly endurance of wrong, virtuous resentment, refined sensibility, and faculties of the first order; or to the consummate art with which, in doing all this, he avoids rant, whine, and affectation.

With the magic of a master, he throws light and lustre on parts of the tragedy which (in other hands) have been considered obscure and inconsistent: for instance, instead of bullying the meek *Ophelia* with coarse objurgation (as we have seen *Hamlets* do), he infuses into his air and voice a solemn wildness, which perfectly accounts for the severity of his censure, and for a deportment which would be brutality in one not really or pretendedly insane. And in the arduous closet scene with the Queen, we were once more, as we have often been, charmed to observe how Young's genius triumphs over almost insurmountable difficulties; how he contrives to be merciless towards the crime, yet tender to the criminal; and stopping on the verge of decorum, to *speak daggers* to an offending parent, without dropping the filial character.—As it was our intention not to write *criticism*, but merely to indulge in eulogium, on Mr. Young, we shall not enlarge this

article by observations on other portions of the performance. We shared in the pleasure expressed by a very numerous audience on perceiving that Mr. Y. had completely recovered from the effects of his recent illness.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

To the Editor of the Bath Chronicle.

SIR,—You were lately so obliging as to publish a communication from me relative to an attack on the Duke of Wellington; since which, the city of Bath has honourably come forward with a spirited address to congratulate the illustrious chief on his escape from personal injury, and the designs of his base and cowardly assailants. It strikes me that it might gratify those who feel towards that great man as I do, to see

a brief enumeration of the events of his Grace's professional career, and of those which distinguished that of his opponent, Napoleon. The attempt may serve as a comment on the position of Sallust, the Roman historian, "*sua quisque fortunæ faber.*"

The Duke of Wellington, though of a noble family, and surrounded by every temptation to lead a life of security and effeminate enjoyment, chose, at a very early age, the toilsome and dangerous pursuit of arms; performing the duties of a subordinate station, rising gradually to higher rank; exposing himself to the hazards of seas, climates, and conflicts, and assiduously studying "war's vast art." At length, when in *India*, an opportunity of command presenting itself, he, by combining a daring mind with splendid military genius, gained many victories incalculably beneficial to his country. He then returned to *Europe*, where such a warrior was impera-

tively required ; and where no man, like himself, for the interests of the common weal, could be found ; and taking on him the sole responsibility, whether for failure or success, formed a most efficient army, arranged the plans of future campaigns, fought numberless battles with the ablest lieutenants of his antagonist, and adding victory to victory, arrested the progress of his ambitious foe, and obtained for Britain an advantageous peace. His glorious work, however, was not yet completed : he was once more called to the field. On the plain of Waterloo he encountered Napoleon himself : each did his utmost to maintain his reputation—AND ENGLAND WAS PRESERVED.

Necessity made Napoleon military, and he owed his education to the regal government of France ; but he joined the revolutionary forces, and acted with them until he obtained the rank of a general. He then directed all his energies to the object of converting the French population into soldiers.

With these instruments, and at an enormous expense of human blood and social happiness, he overran, plundered, and impoverished the beautiful land of Italy; winning the attachment of his troops by flattering their vanity; and while he pretended to enrich and adorn France with the spoils of his conquests, feeding his own passions of insatiable rapacity and boundless ambition. But prosperity dazzled him: henceforward his life was an almost uninterrupted series of despicable blundering in diplomacy, and of defeat in war. He failed in *every* great project on which he had set his flinty heart. His imperial crown proved too truly what *Shakspeare* has called "a golden perturbation:" from the hour in which he mounted the throne he usurped, to that of his pitiful death, he never had one day of repose, and scarcely a year unmarked by calamity. At home he was detested alike by royalist and republican; abroad, by every nation which he either ruined or menaced; by the pro-

digious absurdity of his Austrian marriage, he was mainly the cause of his own undoing; he was beaten out of *Egypt, Portugal, Spain, Russia, and France*, and perished a dethroned, degraded exile.

When, in after times, History shall tell the stories of these two men, she will also adjust the claims of each to the admiration of mankind. I leave the question to impartial posterity; and I am, Sir, &c.

Bath, July 2nd, 1832.

INSCRIPTION ON THE ALTAR AT MUNICH.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Having lately looked into one of Dr. Dibdin's volumes, I found a copy of a Latin inscription, which, at first view, I confess, I did not understand. Soon after, however, the writer's meaning, as I imagine, occurred to me; but on communicating my

conception of it to a distinguished scholar, he, in reply, has rejected my interpretation. At the same time, several literary men of eminence coincide with me, and I presume to think myself right; but if you, or any of your learned readers, entertain a different opinion, the correction of my error will be thankfully received.

Dr. Dibdin says that he saw, at the palace of Munich, a simple altar of pure gold, the sole ornament of the prison of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, which Pope Leo XI. gave to William V., Elector of Bavaria, and which bore the following inscription:—

“EXILII COMES ET CARCERIS IMAGO
HAEC MARIAE STUARDÆ, SCOT. REG.
FUIT, FUISSET ET CAEDIS, SI VIXISSET.”

Dibdin's Bibliograph., Tour, vol. iii., p. 115, 2d edit.

The literal translation of the above is plain enough. The general meaning of the inscription I take to be—“This image, or

model (*of the altar*) was the companion of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, in exile (in England) and in prison, and had it possessed life, would have been a partner in her martyrdom." That is to say, would have been put to death as she was, through the persecuting spirit of the times.

I am, Sir, &c.,

April 10th, 1837.

GEORGE SELWYN.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Allow me, as upon former and similar occasions, to avail myself of your columns for the purpose of attempting to disabuse the reading public, and expose a bookseller's device for raising money. My efforts will, of course, meet with their customary fate; I will, nevertheless, speak out;

because I do not wish to be set down as one of the gulled, but as one of the few who, daring to think for themselves, dare also to avow their opinions. I accordingly freely offer you mine on a recent and, I am told, a much admired publication; namely, "George Selwyn, and his contemporaries;" with notes and elucidations by a distinguished author, sent forth in four volumes, 8vo., with the allurements of several portraits, clear type, and a stout, well-coloured paper. At the suggestion of an acquaintance, I have carefully read the work, but which, warned by experience, have not been fool enough to buy. The limits of a newspaper will not permit me to expatiate as I could wish to do. I shall, therefore, venture on but one or two specimens of the Editor's fitness for his undertaking. In vol. 3, he has a note, which I copy verbatim :—"The old Opera-house here alluded to, had been built in 1704, and was burnt down in 1789. The foundation of the present Opera-house was laid on the

"LOVE LETTERS OF MRS. PIOZZI."

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Having carefully inspected the above-named publication, I am induced to trouble you with a remark or two on the correspondence thus brought into notice, and on the Editor's preface, the writer of which appears to labour under a species of incapacity by no means rare; viz. an inability to comprehend what he reads.

Mrs. Piozzi's letters to Mr. Conway are not only authentic but highly characteristic, extremely well written, and most obviously the letters of an aged, warm-hearted, large-minded person, to a youthful, friendless gentleman, endowed by nature with an engaging exterior, considerable talents, much professional ambition, and acute feelings, sore with disappointment, and oppressed with the frowns of fortune! One whom she chose to assist with the voice of

encouragement, and parental tenderness ; and by administering such counsel as the experienced and the old, on the point of leaving life, are best entitled to offer to those who are but entering on its perilous paths.

All the Love to be discovered in this meager pamphlet is confined to the "Preface," and the preface-maker's well-devised title, "Love Letters," dexterously applied to stimulate vulgar curiosity, and thereby promote the sale of his libel. It is manifest that he knew nothing of Mrs. Piozzi ; his scurrilous biography of that accomplished and distinguished woman is but a reprint (to thicken his volume), of what Beloe, and others like him, have told us already.

The author of the Preface is so condescending as to surmise that Mrs. Piozzi had some acquaintance with Hebrew. She knew more of that tongue than the preface-maker, it seems, does of French : when employing that language, she did not write "*me fait fremer*."

The Editor observes that Mrs. Piozzi's scriptural and religious allusions deserve the severest reprobation, &c. In his eyes, indeed, they do, because they are admirably fine, and cry—loud as a trumpet—against his clumsy insinuations. But—let the letters speak for themselves! The worst of this advice is, that before the work can be perused, it must, more or less, be purchased—which is precisely what the Editor wants!

I am, Sir, &c.

Jan. 24, 1843.

TWO EXTREMES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—During this popular political excitement, I despair, even with your obliging assistance, of gaining attention to a communication not connected with public affairs, yet relating, as I conceive, to a more mo-

mentous subject. Accident having lately introduced me, in the course of the same day, to what may be termed the two extremes of social life in this city, I shall endeavour to bring them before you, and your numberless readers, in words as few and simple as I can, leaving the inference called for by my statement to those who can reason and feel. Early in the day referred to I paid a visit at a sumptuous mansion in the upper town, where I am intimately acquainted with a family consisting of fourteen or more persons, including nine domestics, and where you are requested to imagine the inhabitants in the following situations. The master, an athletic, un-caring man, of perhaps forty years of age, wearing a party-coloured dressing-gown, and slippers of yellow leather, extended on a splendid sofa, apparently studying a "Guide to the Watering-places," smug and smiling, and deliberating as to whither he should transport himself and his household, but resolved to go out of

Bath, and manifestly at a loss in what other manner to expend his avowed superfluity of time and gold. His lady, richly attired, seated in the same gorgeous apartment with her husband, and languidly plying her snowy hand, glittering with gems, at some sort of needle-work. Their two daughters, girls of fifteen and sixteen, exhaling sweet essences, and robed in muslin, devising artificial roses and pansies, under the whispered precepts of a very finely habited and rouged female; who receives, as I have reason to know, half-a-guinea per lesson for her instructions. A son, of some seventeen, most fashionably arrayed, preparing to ride out, accompanied by a sleek, rubicund, and obsequious gentleman in garments of glossy black, his private tutor on a salary of £250 per annum. The corpulent coachman of the establishment, and a footman with fleshy legs and ample back, eating giblet pie and powdered beef in the housekeeper's *boudoir*. Another tall man making himself smart to

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attend his young master in his ride. The butler, an elderly, portly personage, with greatly the air of a London banker, sleeping in a crimson-velvet arm-chair in his own apartment, where you may safely suppose a handsome collection of well-bound volumes, engravings, framed and glazed, representing the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, George the Fourth sitting in an attitude, &c., a French *pendule* over the mantel-piece, a piping bullfinch in a gilded cage, and a green carpet on the floor. The rest of the servants are to be conceived not less luxuriously disposed of; with probably an exception as to the cook, who was, no doubt, taking measures for a dinner of more than ordinary magnificence to be ready by seven o'clock in the evening.

Quitting this region of delights, I proceeded to Avon-street, in search of an invalid whom I wished to see; and there, entering a long, dark, and dirty passage, under one of its doorless doorways, I arrived at a

low, dreary room, rendered offensive by want of fresh air, the deadly smell of soot, and so forth. In this mournful den lay on a heap of damp rubbish in a corner, a man of about seven and thirty, in nearly the last stage of pulmonary disease ; ghastly pale, emaciated, and as he said to me (while tears dropped on his neglected beard and staring collar-bones), heart-broken at the thought of being no longer able to labour as a shoe-maker, for the support of his wife and five children, whom he felt he must soon leave to a world, which, whatever it might be to the prosperous, is to the friendless and the poor a world of woe. His wretched, squalid wife was seated on the bare ground, trying to still the wailings of a distempered, half-fed infant, and near her stood two or three more of their children, sick, thin, and feeble through want of sustenance, having neither shoes nor stockings, and scarcely deserving to be called clad, in the scanty, soiled remnants which hung on them ; silent and as it were abashed

at being seen by a stranger's eye in their debasement and misery; and with aspects indicating that these forlorn ones had never known, nor could expect to know—health, sufficiency, the endearments of kindred, or the joys of youth. In this abode of sorrow I could discern neither fire, nor arrangements for a meal, the provision for which seemed indeed confined to a few cold boiled potatoes, in a fractured earthen pan set near the litter on which was stretched the dying father.

I am aware of all that may be said (and truly said) of the liberality of Bath, the improvident habits of the working classes, &c. But, while I am sure that one *hundred* such pictures as the foregoing might be furnished by the pencil of truth—I shall only observe that **THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG IN A COMMUNITY WHERE SUCH THINGS ARE, AND THAT** “**THESE THINGS SHOULD NOT SO BE.**”

July 17th, 1837.

NUMERAL SIGNS.

To the Editor of the Bath Chronicle.

SIR,—This may be called, with great propriety, the age of READING; and I may add, that although mental aliment be supplied with profusion, the literary appetite seems insatiable; and, moreover, as fastidious as it is voracious. It is consequently no easy task to furnish enough of palatable food; and it must be allowed that the caterer who does this is entitled to a large share of praise and gratitude.

I have been led to make these reflections by the recent perusal of various publications of the day; among which I have not met with any which pleased me more than the last number of the "*Bath and Bristol Magazine*:" nor indeed have I, at any time, lighted on finer compositions than some of the contributions to that ingenious work. Among

these, in the number for October last, I was (as I know many others were) particularly charmed with the treasure of talent and real learning displayed in a scientific paper under the title of "Conjectures relative to the Origin of the Numerical Hieroglyphicks now in use." The author of this fine dissertation has adorned his subject with much solid erudition, and exercised the rarest acuteness in his endeavours to establish his argument. He is, perhaps, occasionally fanciful in his inferences as to the probable source of numerical formations; yet even then it is impossible for his reader not to admire his dexterity in managing a point of such extreme difficulty. I must, however, beg leave to suggest that he should have paid more respect than he has done, to a supposition by no means confined to a few, namely, the paramount antiquity of the Hindu language. I confess myself one of those who esteem the Hindus to be by much the most ancient people of mankind, and precisely those who from their

peculiar customs, were most likely to preserve from age to age whatever was handed down to them from their ancestors. My position then is, that every thing, and among the rest all written characters, indicating either sound or quantity, came originally from the *East*, and thence spread throughout the various nations with which the orientals communicated: to the Egyptians, in the first instance, subsequently to the *Greeks*, and so on. The Romans may have received their alphabet from the Phœnicians; but not their numerals: these, it is fair to suppose, they had from the people of India. Pythagoras, the founder of the Italic school, had been in India, and probably in China, and established a University, where Numa the Roman Law-giver, is reported to have been educated. The Romans wrote I II III: the Chinese use the same, only placed horizontally, 一 二 三. The Roman X is the same as that of the Chinese, but its situation somewhat changed; so is that of the half of ten, which

is otherwise the same in form, and meaning: V, the Roman; <, the Chinese. The Romans made XI XII XIII; the Chinese have the same marks, but differently situated, which will be discovered by turning the paper: the same with the Roman XX XXX, &c.

There is little room to doubt that what we now use and call Arabic numerals, are those anciently employed in India; and, making due allowance for deviations unavoidably occurring in the lapse of time, our figures differ in but a trifling degree from those of the Hindus, as may be discovered by a slight inspection of both. It may, by the by, be worth observing here, that the Arabic cipher so constantly employed in the commercial transactions of civilized countries, is essentially neither more nor less than the so-much-desired Pasigraphy, as some term it, or common language: at least, with modifications, it might be used as the ground whereon to construct such a language as all would equally understand.

I will not, at present, encroach further on your complaisance; but shall feel particularly gratified by your being so good as to introduce into your columns these hasty observations: chiefly offered with a view to draw the attention of the reading world, not only to the able and very elegantly written article referred to in this letter, but to the general merits of the Bath and Bristol Magazine; and to express a hope that the writer of the Essay on "Numerical Hieroglyphics," will remember his promise of continuing the interesting subject in a future number of a work, which, if conducted as it has hitherto been, cannot meet with more encouragement than it deserves.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

“HOC ERAT IN VOTIS.”—HOR.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—You have, in all probability, heard it remarked that “we do not make ourselves;” for my part I am convinced of the fact: as, indeed, I am of another; viz., that if we did, some of us would be worse made than we are already. But, to my object: I have a favour to request at your hands; and as it is but reasonable that you should know something of your petitioner, I beg leave to supply you with a brief sketch of myself. I was born with those two enviable endowments usually and mildly termed an excellent heart and a moderate understanding. In plain English, Nature was so very obliging as to send me into this breathing world—a well-meaning simpleton. The consequence has been, what, I presume, her benevolence intended—my life has been one

unvaried series of mistakes and sufferings. The characteristic friendliness of mankind, added to what I have disclosed, will sufficiently account for my having been incessantly a dupe throughout my whole earthly career—from the purchase of my primary peg-top, to that of my last ounce of snuff. Having confessed myself soft-hearted and silly, it was superfluous to mention that I was married; a point on which I will not enlarge: and I need scarcely observe that there was a sort of sameness in my fortunes; most of the coaches by which I travelled, were upset or broke down; all the ships I sailed in were either becalmed or leaky; if but one vile inn, and one damp bed were to be had upon my line of road, I lighted on them. I never missed an opportunity of monopolizing, at a high price, a blind, stumbling, or vicious horse; nor failed to select the greatest thieves in the district as my servants. Instead of entering, as a resident, upon this incomparable planet of

ours when everything (as, of course, everything will one day be), was in a condition of completeness, it has fallen to my lot to be here exactly at a time when nothing is so, and while all is incipency, and as it were, about to begin ; the bruising, scalding, and dislocating periods only of the railway-system in act ; the fabrication of undoubted gold, diamonds, and rubies, barely in its A B C stage ; the political reform, to say the best of it, but on its first legs : and, here, sir, here's the rub ; and my motive for writing to you, and beseeching your assistance ! As you may conclude, nothing would serve me but I must go, as soon as it could be done, and get myself qualified to vote on all occasions. Thenceforward my repose was gone for ever ! At starting, and in an ill hour, I voted, and I trust, conscientiously ; the effect of which magnanimous procedure was (as anyone else would have foreseen) that I converted about half of my hitherto decently behaved neighbours and acquaintances into

inveterate enemies. So, next time, thinking to mend matters, I resolved on *not* voting, a sage and discreet determination, which settled the affair for me; inasmuch as then *all* my fellow parishioners became my foes! This I gather from sundry indications, implying hostile sentiments: *e.g.*, fractions of salutations, sulky bobs, surly brows, faces looking at me as if the owners did not know me, crossings from mine to the opposite side of the street, and increased rapidity of movement, at *my* approach; and so on.

Now, sir, I cannot afford to abscond with my family to the South of Europe, or the United States; and yet, staying where I am, I may well despair of the enjoyment of existence or even of tranquillity, unless you, or some of your beneficent correspondents will humanely endeavour to aid me, by advice, in a project I have conceived of having myself forthwith rendered civilly defunct, and incapable of the calamitous honour of possessing a vote; in short, of being made

back again into an *unprivileged* individual.
Pray, let me know if this can be done.

And, believe me,

Mr. Editor,

Your truly mortified, humble Servant.

Nov. 6th, 1837.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Allow me space in your paper for a few reflections, suggested by an allusion in a contemporary print, to an event of no distant date, the death—almost “unhonoured and unmourned”—of Charles X. King of France.

I am not aware that I entertain the sentiments, or utter the language of party, when I say that his Majesty has been hardly used by the children of his native soil, and by many of his fellow-beings throughout Europe. The complexion of the times we live in will not explain away two or three

strong facts connected with the subject in question. The state of the late King's case seems to be simply this. He discovered, or was informed that some of the newspapers of his capital, were instruments in the hands of his enemies, and most extensively influential among the unthinking, the desperate, and the vicious portions of his people; and that he must either arrest them in their career, or fall from the station into which the laws had *forced* him. He accordingly, and most naturally, tried to lay on this requisite restraint; but he was tardy in his attempt. The journals had already done the dreaded mischief; had converted his troops into traitors, and his subjects into rebels; and they, combining, drove the old man from his throne, to perish in exile, obscurity, and comparative penury; and seated a usurper in his place. Now, this proceeding on the part of the soldiery and subjects of France, or rather of Paris, legislating for France, was either right or

wrong. If right in that country, it could scarcely be deemed wrong in *Britain*, where, upon similar principles, those who please may imitate the conduct of a French faction, dethrone the reigning Sovereign, and establish in his room any individual they may select! This is what they not only might, but *ought* to do; because conformably to the new political regime, soldiers, sworn to obey without argument or remonstrance, and armed and paid for that purpose, may *here*, as they were recently in France, be applauded by the public press for violating their oaths, and assisting the seditious in their projects; while the people, *i. e.* the herd, driven on by some score of cunning and rapacious miscreants, may, in like manner, be admired for offering defiance and outrage to the laws of their country. It is but a pitiful subtlety to aver, as some have done, that the soldiery are paid by the people, and are therefore the people's servants! The nation does indeed pay them; but, on

the express conditions, that soldiers, so paid, shall support the King's government, and uphold the King himself. Why, otherwise, is an oath of allegiance administered? Or, can a compact, sanctioned by the Constitution, and entered into between GOD and *Man* (for such is the definition of an oath, modify it how we may), be rendered null and void, at the bidding of a newspaper editor, or the dictates of the ambitious and the impudent; who seek their own sordid ends alone, regardless of the ills inflicted on social order; on all the arrangements, and ties, and charities of civilized life; and unmeasurably to the detriment of the poor, reckless wretches, who are first their tools, and then their victims? To what a system of mob-tyranny on one side, and slavish acquiescence on the other, all this may lead, I really have no temper to inquire, nor words with which to do justice to my feelings and fears ! Here, therefore, I cease ; submitting what I have imperfectly said, to

the dispassionate judgment of those among your readers whose reason has not yet deserted them altogether.

I am, Sir, &c.

March 21, 1837.

Originally published in the "Literary Gazette."

AN EPISTLE

*From Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, in the Highlands, to
Miss Diana Vernon, at Osbaldistone Hall.*

SAY, dearest DI, while o'er wild hills I rove,
On what are your soft thoughts employed, my love?
Tell me, you think of *me*; do, DI, do, do;
And here I'll tell you all I think of *you*.
All? No, not all indeed; but all I can, DI;
Of you who are of *heroines* the dandy!
While chit-faced nymphs make use of horn, or box,
DI, with her *fingers* combs her frowzy locks:
And at the toilet—while whole hours they waste,
My DI disdains to sport so vile a taste,
But wraps a drugget round her hardy form,
Which hides foul linen while it keeps her warm:
Then to the stable runs; inspects the rack,

Curries her beast, and jumps upon his back ;
 "The world with noble horsemanship bewitches"—
 And scours away o'er hedges, bogs, and ditches.

Let milk-sop maids in muslin sit, and ply
 Their fragile needles ; 'tis not thus with DI ;
 Through fields she drives—while they on carpets trip—
 Shouts to the hounds, and brandishes a whip.
 When vex'd, my DI can redden, stamp, and stare ;
 And at a pinch, my DI can curse and swear :
 Can leave light topics to faint-hearted dames,
 And help to raise rebellion for King James.
 With red-legged robbers leagued, goes forth to fight ;
 Rides all the day—and sleeps with men, at night ;
 Knows how to whirl a sword, and snap a pistol ;
 And—delicate accomplishment—can *whistle*.
 Still more engaging—my DIANA can
 In other matters imitate a man ;—
 Nay, go beyond him ; for I here avow
 I had not courage—when you stoop'd so low—
 To snatch a kiss—not even, DI, of thee,—
 But you, you know, my DI, 'twas you kiss'd *me*.
 Here, DI, I must leave off : I'm just invited,
 (And Mrs. *Roy Macgregor* won't be slighted),
 Share of a singed sheeps-head with her to eat :
 Herself and I quite snug ; a *tete-a-tete*.
 So, DI, adieu ; and be not jealous, dear ;
 'Twixt Mistress *Mac* and me, you've nought to fear ;
 Because I'm always your most true and fervent,
 Obedient, loving, faithful, humble servant,

FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

May, 1818.

BISHOP WARBURTON.

To the Editor of the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.

SIR, —Allow me to request a place in your widely-circulated Paper for a short extract from a letter written by the celebrated Bishop Warburton to the Rev. Dr. Attwell; it is selected from a most interesting volume, recently and very ably edited by the Rev. Francis Kilvert, of Bath, “The Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton.” The work contains many a brilliant page; but the passage referred to has been chosen, because there is not, perhaps, to be found throughout the literature of this country so much high-toned morality, unanswerable reasoning, and happy simplicity of expression, in so small a compass.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

March 17, 1841.

“Prior Park, Dec. 9th, 1755.

“What a sad calamity has befallen Lisbon! Time was,

when the imaginary displeasure of Heaven in a comet or an eclipse has disarmed warring nations, when their swords were already lifted up for mutual slaughter. But I do not hear that these marks of Divine displeasure on a sinful people are likely to abate our, and our neighbours', animosities against one another.

"It is, indeed, a dreadful thing to suppose these disasters the vengeance of our offended Master; but it is ten times more terrible to believe we have our precarious being in a forlorn and fatherless world! In the first case, we have it in our power to avert our destruction by the amendment of our manners; in the latter, we are exposed without hopes of refuge to the free rage of matter and motion in a ferment."

PERFORMANCE OF THE CHURCH SERVICE.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—You will gratify me, and possibly, afford yourself an opportunity of being (as you so often have been) of use to your fellow citizens, by publishing the following observations, which I do not offer on account of their weight or novelty, but

because they refer to a subject of general interest. My remarks apply to the ordinary manner of the clergymen employed in performing certain portions of the Church Service in this city; and, doubtless, in most other parts of England; and to the conduct of many who attend divine worship in our Churches and Chapels.

You have, I presume, heard of a saying attributed to an eminent member of the establishment at a remote period—when plain speaking was in fashion: that “the vestibule of hell was paved with *good intentions*.” The meaning of this I take to be, that virtuous designs not supported by sound sense lead to evil consequences. That which is in itself most estimable, becomes, when corrupted, most worthless: our Church Service is allowed, even by its opponents, to abound in what is admirable in doctrine, and graceful and impressive in composition; errors, therefore, in the delivery, and in the reception of its various

parts, must be infinitely vexatious to such as truly wish well to the Temple and its frequenters. To come at once to the point. It is needless to observe that he who ministers has, in his function, the purest views, and the noblest of purposes, that of "turning many to righteousness," that he should be solemn in his deportment, and, if nature permits, distinct and audible in his enunciation. But, he should likewise remember that all he does in the desk and at the holy table, and to these I confine my notice, is not *prayer*; and that he should make alterations in his voice and emphasis accordingly; instead of pronouncing in one and the same tone, of what he thinks piety, the brotherly Exhortation which forms his opening address, the rapturous language of the Psalms, the simple narrative of the Old and New Testament, the imploring clauses of the Litany, the humiliations and beseechings of Prayer, the unimpassioned declarations of Christian Belief, and the bare

unadorned recitation of the Commandments. The officiating Clergyman, I regret to say, usually violates the whole of this precept; and thence naturally arises a profusion of improprieties among his congregation. Every word delivered sounds like *prayer*, to the well-meaning listener, who is thus trepanned into a habit something worse than ridiculous, considering the place in which he is, and his motive for being there. With upturned eyes and outspread hands he deliberately repeats the Clergyman's Exhortation: he does as much by the priestly form of Absolution; is equally careful in uttering every word of the articles of the Decalogue; and frequently, as I have witnessed, of the clerical Blessing which terminates the Service! It cannot be necessary to enlarge on the childishness, indeed—the profanation of all this. Having in other times, and more diffusely, made some such remarks as the above, and made them ineffectually, I have, I confess, but faint

hopes that the hints here thrown out will be productive of any amendment.

Tuesday, Feb. 12, 1839.

THE BATH PARENTAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Bath Chronicle.

SIR,—In this age of Unions, I beg leave to announce to you, and through you to the public, the formation of *one* of more importance than any of a political nature; and as yet, I believe, unthought of in these countries. I mean the establishment of what is called, and will speedily be known as the “Bath Parental Society;” formed of and supported by such parents and guardians as are interested in putting a stop, by exposure, prosecutions, &c., to the practice of unlawful Play. This project has chiefly in view the dissolution (and condign punishment of its proprietors) of a certain pernicious concern in this city, expressly and ingeniously

calculated for the plunder of the young and heedless; and maintained and frequented by two classes of persons only. One consisting of a band of old reprobates and thieves, without shame, property, or reputation; the other, of raw and intemperate young men, their victims, who are, day after day, robbed of large sums of money, by the hoary and unprincipled scoundrels who preside in this den of infamy.

That there should be such a place, as I have described, within the precincts of a country called civilized, and possessed of laws, is monstrous, and nationally disgraceful. But that it should exist and thrive in this city, to the ruin of juvenile morals, and the peace of families, is nearly incredible. It is, notwithstanding, fatally true; but I have great pleasure in assuring you and your numerous readers that this will not be **the case much longer**. It is hoped that the intimation hereby conveyed will have its due weight with all parties.

The members of the Association referred to are numerous; and their measures such as to insure success; nor will any further notice of this nature be given either to the knaves or the dupes in question.

Sir, I am, &c.

A FATHER.

Dec. 6, 1832.

VOTING.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—I but pay a compliment fairly due to your acknowledged sound sense and probity, by thus openly answering a question which you thought proper to put to me some days since. To persons unlike yourself, I scorn to reply; reasoning addressed to knaves and blockheads is thrown away. You asked me why I was resolved to forego

my privilege as a freeholder at the present time, and not to vote ?

My answer is, that I do not choose to assist by my suffrage those who are termed Tories, because I utterly disapprove of the principles—where they *have* any—of those who support the Tory interest ; and am satisfied that their majorities, influenced by corrupt motives, and narrow views, are hostile to the liberties of the people.

For the principles of the liberal party—where *they* have any—I feel profound respect ; but these number in their ranks many who will, perhaps ere long, should success attend their measures, become despots, in the name of the commonwealth, over the public mind, prove too powerful for their leaders, and ultimately destroy the constitution of this great country.

My pride disdains to be cajoled by the blandishments of the one, or intimidated by the violence of the other ; abhorring TYRANNY of all kinds, I conceive that I act conscien-

tiously, and rationally, and consistently, in refusing to associate myself with either.

I am, Sir, &c.

June 30th, 1841.

P.S.—Make what use you please of this letter.

“O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME ?”

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—I beg leave to trouble you with a few observations on a subject connected with polite literature, and to request a place in your paper for this letter, and for a true statement of a petty grievance under which the writer at present suffers.

Having in view a particular object, and, for private reasons, being desirous of publishing a remark of mine on Bishop Percy's fine verses, “O Nancy,” &c., I some months

since, addressed myself to the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which periodical an article, signed J. M., had appeared. I showed unanswerably that the said J. M. had written nonsense relative to "O Nancy," and of my refutation of J. M. I heard no more; the Editor of the redoubted Magazine suppressing my communication. I next transcribed my arguments against J. M.'s position in a letter to the "TIMES," which I forwarded to the Editor of that paper, but no notice was taken of it; and this I might, indeed, have expected, as my letter contained no *two-sided* political disquisitions, nor one word against the management of railway trains, and, worse still, I had omitted a hint intended for the benefit of the TIMES newspaper—namely, to suggest to the Editor the propriety of adopting, as a motto to his journal, the old classical fragment, "TEMPORA MUTANTUR," which would admirably suit any *more* shifting and shuffling on his part.

With regard to Dr. Percy's beauteous

verses very little explanation will suffice. J. M. says the first line originally was, and should be, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me;" whence I infer that the poet must have been a fool to have so written—to have commenced a noble English composition with a vulgar line in the Scottish dialect, and to have applied the familiar, milk-maid name of Nanny to an English lady of rank and fashion, whose admirer was an English gentleman! In 1766 Dodsley prints the line in question:—

"O Nancy, wilt thou go with me."

In 1766 the poem was written, and, no doubt, given in his own handwriting to Dodsley, by Dr. Percy himself.

I am, Sir, &c.

Wednesday, September 8, 1847.

MUSARUM DELICIÆ.

In the number of the *Athenæum* of Saturday, 30th ult., appears a review of Mr. Peter Cunningham's recently published "Handbook of London;" in which the writer gives Mr. Cunningham credit for an article respecting a supposed quotation from Butler's "Hudibras." In 1841, Mr. Edward Lumley published a small volume with my name in the title-page, in which I tell, *totidem verbis*, what Mr. Peter Cunningham tells on the subject in question. From whom I filched it I really do not remember; probably from somebody who had treated somebody else in like manner.

. I am, &c.

Bath, July 4.

BRANDY AND SALT.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Goldsmith, in one of his essays, intending a sneer at the expense of those who vend what are termed, and vilified as, quack medicines, has a passage to this effect—that he is amazed at the obstinacy with which people persevere in having various diseases, notwithstanding that each newspaper of the Metropolis announces infallible remedies for every malady to which human flesh is liable.

Had the poet lived to our times, his astonishment would have been still greater than it was in the last century. We, it is well known, have not only a specific for each of our bodily ills, but frequent proffers from disinterested, philanthropic and enlightened individuals, of one sole medicine engaged to cure all disorders alike. And

yet, on we go, blindly cherishing our several ailments, as if we actually did not wish to get rid of them.

This remark is happily illustrated by the reception which the newly discovered BRANDY AND SALT prescription has experienced from some who ought to have known better. I own I cannot help expressing my wonder at finding that, through the remonstrances of a few prejudiced physicians, and the influence of disgraceful prepossessions on their part, multitudes resolutely refuse to afford themselves a chance of cure, and reject the nostrum, only because Doctor ——— shakes his head at it; or because they cannot comprehend how the proposed mixture should act efficaciously. They might, by the by, just as reasonably deride the existence and powers of the philosopher's stone, or, Solomon's Balm of Gilead, the German Sage's Homœopathic remedy, or indeed any other philosophical or medical secret! I proceed, without further preface,

to state my own most memorable case, in reference to the almost miraculous curative properties of the "Brandy and Salt" compound. It is, you are aware, particularly recommended for rheumatism, to the tortures of which disease, I have, for thirty or forty years, been, incessantly what is called a martyr. It has produced the most woful effects, both on my mind and frame: it has converted a naturally sweet disposition into the temper of a fiend, involved me in street quarrels with strangers who supposed my fearful grimaces intended to affront them; obtained me the compliment of a hostile message from a little limping Peer, who fancied I was the mimic of his infirmity; and, moreover, has plunged me into three lawsuits. In my private room at home, it has constrained me to howl and yell so loudly as to alarm an opposite neighbour, and bring him across the way, without his hat, to inquire what was the matter. I detest hyperbole, and shall

therefore merely say that, during my career, I have swallowed perhaps twenty gallons of the "Dutch drops;" have been rubbed with mustard enough to exhaust the stores of the county of Durham; have (exaggeration apart) worn as much flannel as would cover Salisbury Plain; and, as might be expected, was the worse for all this discipline. Well, sir; about two months ago, when *in extremis* with agony, and incapable of suffering more, a benevolent and sagacious female visitant suggested, in conversation, a trial of the Brandy and Salt. How shall I describe the result! Not, sir, of taking the medicine, but of the bare proposal to take it. Scarcely had my rheumatism heard the words—"Brandy and Salt"—when it deserted my distorted loins and limbs; and this in the late blessed bout of old-fashioned Christmas weather with which we have been indulged, leaving me painless, alert and cheerful, to acquaint you with the wondrous fact, and earnestly

to implore of you to make my story public.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

January 18, 1841.

THE LATE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

To the Editor of the Bath Chronicle.

SIR,—Some time has passed since you did me the favour to publish two letters of mine, respecting the recent political revolution in France. When I wrote those letters I thought, and I continue to think, that what is by its admirers termed a revolution, might admit of another interpretation, and be esteemed, as I feel satisfied it was,—a **USURPATION** on the part of the Duke of Orleans, promoted by the long premeditated machinations of a *party*, and effected by the traitorous desertion of the *troops*, raised, cherished, and paid by Charles X. The opinions of one so obscure as myself

will probably be despised, and I cannot *prove* that they are correct ; but I can show that on some points of awful moment in the inquiry, my notions have been entertained, and my conjectures anticipated by no less a person than the celebrated author of *Waverley*, to whom I believe I am entitled to ascribe “ Paul’s Letters to his Kinsfolk.” That work was composed in the year 1815, and published in one volume 8vo., in Edinburgh and London, in 1816. From a copy of that date now before me, I select a few passages, to which I beg leave to invite the attention of such of your readers as may not only think the opinion of Sir Walter Scott of some weight, but may also conceive, with me, that the Parisian transactions of last July are not the concern of *France* alone, but of the utmost consequence to every civilized government, and especially to that of Britain. Speaking of Fouché and his influence at the moment when Napoleon was, like a prowling tiger,

advancing on Paris, upon his escape from Elba (see "Paul's Letters," p. 43), the author says, "his (Fouché's) terms he announced to be that the Duke of Orleans should be proclaimed Lieut.-General of the kingdom." Towards the conclusion of his volume (see p. 440), Sir Walter proceeds, "it must be owned, nevertheless, that the general rallying point of the liberalists is an avowed dislike to the present monarch and his immediate connexions. They will sacrifice, they pretend, so much to the general inclinations of Europe, as to select a king from the Bourbon race, but he must be one of their one choosing—and the Duke of Orleans is most familiar in their mouths. And thus these politicians, who assume the title of constitutional royalists, propose to begin their career by destroying hereditary succession, the fundamental principle of a limited monarchy."

Sir W. goes on to say some other strong things; such as that "the vanity of the na-

tion was wounded;" and that "to this feeling of mortified vanity, less than any real fears of aggression upon their liberties, may be traced their wish to have a King whose title should be connected with the revolution, and who might owe his crown more to their courtesy, than to his own right. But who will warrant those that set such a dangerous stone rolling, where its course will stop?"

These are strange and portentous phrases, as penned fourteen years before July, 1830; and I confess—let King Philip and his faction say what they will—that they seem to me rather more than prophetic! I could greatly enlarge this article, but at present will not trespass further on your indulgence.

I am, &c.

January 13, 1831.

MR. KEAN.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Being at the theatre on Saturday, 13th inst., I saw Mr. Kean perform the part of Richard the Third; and, after the curtain had fallen, I also saw what I find has become a habit in this country, though of foreign growth, and of recent introduction: I saw Mr. Kean walk forth at the call of (a portion of) a very crowded audience, and make several most respectful bows, and a short, and, altogether, eloquent speech. But I dislike this innovation, as I trust many others do; and therefore request the aid of the *Bath Herald* in an attempt to convey to the public my opinion on the point in question, and my reasons for entertaining it. The practice is, I conceive, more or less calculated to hurt the feelings of the performer so distinguished; especially if a man

of talents and sensibility. It obliges him to be prepared with a new address (which, by the by, is to seem extemporaneous) upon each occasion of being thus summoned ; or, to repeat that which has been delivered before : the first, difficult ; the second, awkward. It likewise exposes him to the pain of disappointment, should the ceremony of calling him out be, in any case a matter of dispute, and the question be finally negatived through the prevalence of good sense and delicacy in the house. It is, moreover, a practice likely to give offence to persons of merit on the stage, to whom this supposed compliment is not paid. In a word, it is foolish, and should be left off ; which, of course, it will not be. I nevertheless announce my dissent, that at least one individual in the community may not be supposed to approve of a usage which he condemns. You will readily understand that I by no means write in disparagement of Mr. Kean's claim. He is, on the whole, a

good actor, and will be still a better, when he shall learn to tone down his more impassioned scenes, and to read his author critically. As to his Richard, it may not be saying too much to assert that had we seen him first in the character, the son's fame would probably have been as great as that of his father.

I am, Sir, &c.

Saturday, February 20, 1836.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

To the Editor of the Sun.

SIR,—You will confer a favour on me, by inserting in a journal of such extensive circulation as *The Sun*, a few lines on a subject of some importance to private feelings, and even to the general interests of literature.

In the spring of 1807, that is, above four and twenty years ago, Mr. Carpenter, of Old Bond-street, published a small work of mine, with the title of "George the Third," in three volumes: in one of them, I forget which, there was a story, chiefly of my invention, and founded on a tradition relative to a device, visible on an antiquated building in the town of Galway in Ireland.

In the year 1820, came from the Dublin press, a History of Galway, in 4to., a very clever work, by Mr. James Hardiman, who has the reputation of being a truly learned and ingenious writer. In his history, he has given, with alterations, a place to my aforesaid story; but, like a man of an honourable mind, has assigned the composition, such as it is, to me.

In the year 1829, or 1830, a Mr. Mac ——— somebody, published "Stories from the History of Ireland," and among them re-published my luckless legend; leav-

ing it to the gentle reader, however, to conjecture the author, without any allusion to my obscure name, or to Mr. Hardiman, from whose book it was probably extracted.

In the last number of the *Literary Gazette*, for Saturday the 19th instant, my redoubted fiction once more makes its appearance, professedly selected from the translated tour of a certain German Prince! It is announced by the Editor of the *L. G.* as "a Tale of Galway;" and, though indisputably my story is so mended as to style, by what some, I dare say, may choose to think fine writing, that I can scarcely recognize my own homely and unpretending narrative.

I have not, as I conceive, been very handsomely treated by some of the parties concerned, and shall esteem it as an act of kindness if you can afford me an opportunity of vindicating myself in the most public manner possible, namely, in one of your columns.

If my story was deficient in merit, it should not have been thus forced upon the world's notice; if not, the lawful proprietor should not be denied his portion of *renown* by the Editor of a paper so influential as the *L. G.* At all events, the product of labours not his own should not be made over to the German Prince, either through design, inattention, or ignorance.

I trust I shall not be suspected of a project for puffing "George the Third," when I add that another edition is not contemplated, and that a copy can now hardly be procured, owing to the flattering avidity with which the impression was bought up by those best of all publishers in time of need, the pastry-cooks, trunk-makers, and venders of snuff, "pepper, and frankincense."

I am, Sir, &c.

Bath, Nov. 21, 1831.

Two days after the date of the above, the Dublin papers announced the production

in D. of a tragedy "the Warden of Galway," founded on the story referred to!

FOR THE SUN.

MR. EDITOR,—In the first number of a new musical publication, "The Harmonicon," appears a "Canzonet," composed for the work by Mr. Braham, "O very sweet was morning's dawn;" the words of which are stated to be by the late Mr. M. G. Lewis, M.P. The words of the song are not given as originally penned and printed; and had they been so, the *fame* of Mr. M. G. Lewis, although an M.P., would not have been enhanced by them. I have, however, my doubts whether Mr. Lewis ever *read* the lines in question; and I am satisfied that he did not *write* them, because some twenty years ago, I wrote them myself; and about September, 1807, they

were published, with my initials, as a signature, in the *Morning Chronicle*. Now, whatever may be my contempt for the lines, I have none for the *writer*, and their recent re-appearance is connected with that concerning which no person of proper feelings is at liberty to be indifferent; I mean my liability to the suspicion of acting so unworthily as to appropriate the effusions of another man's mind, and especially of one standing so high in the esteem of the literary world as the author of the *Castle Spectre*. I am, accordingly, most reluctantly *forced* before the public in my own vindication, and, therefore, I request that you will please to give this a place in one of your columns, together with the hapless composition as it was first written.

I am, Sir, &c.

10, Johnstone Street, Bath, Jan. 12, 1823.

MARY.

An attempt to adapt English words to a very wild and pathetic Irish air, known among the peasantry in the province of Connaught by the title of "Maurien Oge."

Nothing, however, but the melody of this ditty remains ;
both the name of the poet and the poetry itself being
lost in the stream of time.

O ! very sweet was morning's dawn,
 To me, my Mary,
When thou and I stray'd o'er the lawn
 Together, Mary.
And passing sweet was yon green grove,
 My gentle Mary,
Where first I heard thee own thy love
 For me, my Mary !
This blowing rose resembles thee,
 My modest Mary,
For in its leaves I think I see
 Thy blushes, Mary :
Thy song was like that Linnet's song,
 My tender Mary.
I fancy it thy voice among
 The hawthorns, Mary !
And, oh ! these dewy gems I prize,
 That sparkle, Mary,
So like the diamonds in thy eyes,
 My winning Mary !
But now to life and love farewell,
 I've lost thee, Mary,
And here I may no longer dwell
 Without thee, Mary !

Sun, Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1823.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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To the Editor of the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.

SIR,—In January, 1822, I addressed the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* on a literary topic, stating, with the candour natural to an honest man, the motives which induced me to apply to him, and request he would, when perfectly convenient, find a place for my humble remarks in the columns of his publication, as he had frequently done before. In process of time my MS. was returned, accompanied by notes, both in ink and lead-pencil, stating that the writer's wishes could not be complied with, as he "had written in praise of a work which he had *probably not read*." The pencil communication informed me that my "paper was anonymous," and my "handwriting disguised;" and, in the "Minor Correspondence" of that number

of the Magazine published in February last, I am told that my "paper might be considered as a puff direct."

The other day I by chance found this same paper, and was thus reminded of an affair which had dropped from my recollection, and in which, I conceive, I have not been fairly treated by the editor of the Magazine. My paper is, indeed, strictly speaking, *anonymous*, bearing as a signature merely the initial letters of my name, which I thought, and still think, too obscure to be affixed with advantage to my object. I also admit that my handwriting is *disguised*, because if I had not disguised it by writing better than usual (as I am trying to do at present) I might lawfully despair of having *one* in *ten* of my words read correctly, my ordinary characters being what are very justly termed, abominably bad. To the charge contained in the "Minor Correspondence," I reply, "that my paper is not only not a *puff*, direct or indirect,

but that it has not the air of a puffing composition, as the perusal of its substance will serve to show ; besides, however ignorant I may be of the art and mystery of *puffing*, I know, and surely the person who wrote the *billet doux* in the "Minor Correspondence," *must* know, that anonymous eulogy in a magazine is not likely to enlarge or create the renown of either a book or a correspondent.

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NEW TAXES.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—The menace of such a calamity as an Income Tax, suggested in the House the other night by Sir Robert Peel, caused me—to use the old saying—to cast about, and strive to invent some mode of raising money for government; not merely in lieu of Sir

Robert's project, but which, should my plan be adopted, is certainly calculated to produce a vast increase to the revenue ; or if not, to prove ultimately most beneficial to society in a moral point of view ; for, according to my scheme, people must either leave off their vices and foibles, or pay dearly for retaining them. I trust you will, with your accustomed liberality, assist me in my purpose by publishing this. It professes to be no more than an incomplete list of such classes as I humbly conceive to be *proper* objects of taxation. For example, (amount of payments to be settled hereafter) :

Any one, who walking slowly on a calm, bright, and balmy day, shall meet an acquaintance apparently in haste and stop him to remark that it is charming weather.

Any lady keeping screaming canary birds or a yelping lap-dog in the apartment in which she receives morning calls.

Any person recommending any book

whatsoever to another as well worth reading, whereby one of two annoyances cannot fail to ensue—the sufferer must, willy, nilly, read the book or tell a lie.

All persons, except men of sense and talents, convicted of speaking in public.

Any one proved by competent witnesses to have spoiled a good story in repeating it.

All ladies adding to the length of their letters by *crossing*, or writing the word *harass* with two *r*'s.

All persons whatsoever, except school-masters and mistresses, who having been for one hour at Calais, and four days in Paris, shall attempt the introduction of what they imagine to be the French language, in their conversation or correspondence.

All males or females of the human species in these realms, who shall be convicted of having styled their future mates angels for six months before marriage, and devils in a year afterwards.

All young or old women detected in wearing rouge on their cheeks—they may put it upon other parts of their faces if they please.

Any young man enjoying from benevolent nature the personal advantages of being five feet three inches high, of having a huge round head, a snub nose, greasy hair, a dirty-looking skin, thick fingers, and bow legs, proved to fancy himself Count D'Orsay, and to dress himself accordingly.

Any young or *certain* aged lady, weighing twelve stone, seen riding on any horse, ass, mule, dromedary, or other beast of burden, wearing tight stays to signify a slender waist, and a cloth riding-habit eight yards long, handsomely covered with street mud.

Any young female of whatever rank found guilty of having kept a large party in the agonies of silent impatience for nearly an hour by howling something, which she thinks singing, over a pianoforte. Allowance made for such as have no natural ear, and

who have acquired the blessings of uneven shoulder-blades and a crooked back-bone by musical practice for six hours a day during ten or twelve years, at the instigation of parents or guardians. These latter to be liable to the penalty.

Any lady of five-and-thirty and upwards, or rather downwards, speaking or writing to her father and mother as Pa and Ma. But enough. The above is, sir, as you may perceive, barely an outline of what, with encouragement, shall at another opportunity be enlarged upon, by yours,

March 15, 1842.

ROMAN COINS.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—I ask pardon of your readers and yourself for calling your attention to the subject of this letter, selected in preference

to the popular topics of the hour, political treatises, religious polemics, corn laws, and utilitarianism. Just now I want taste for such discussions; but am particularly desirous of information on the point in question, while I entertain a lively hope of having my difficulties removed by some obliging individual among your numerous and enlightened correspondents.

It is a fact well known that in various districts of Britain, and for centuries past, there have been—and continue to be found, great quantities of the bronze and copper money of the ancient Romans, differing in date, size, and style of execution. They are generally, I believe, spread abroad upon the clay, and at a depth of, perhaps, two or three feet from the level of the present surface.

Few, comparatively, of these coins have been found in vases or caskets.

Specimens of coinage, large and small, in hard brass, of Claudius, Nero, Vespasian,

Trajan, Hadrian, &c., when turned up, are, it is said, found single, not in duplicates, or greater numbers.

These masses of coin, often found where the Romans are known to have had stations, are as frequently discovered where no vestige of building, or work of man's hands can be traced.

The above statement involves circumstances, which I suspect, bid defiance to conjecture; and, indeed, I have observed that the inquiry has usually been shunned by professed antiquaries.

Supposing it currency, the retiring Roman troops might have carried off their coin. Valueless as current coin, the metal might, if re-cast, have been formed into utensils, and thereby been rendered serviceable.

Had the current moneys of each reign or consulate been "cried down," as the phrase is, and made by a decree, not passable, still the material had its use.

It seems extravagant to imagine the scattered coin an oblation to the Gods, considering not only its prodigious abundance, but, that ashes, urns, altars, human bones, and sacrificial implements would have been perpetually found adjoining the place of disinterment; whereas this seldom occurs.

It is hardly to be conceived that this abandoned treasure was detected, yet disregarded by the subjugated and impoverished Britons when their conquerors had withdrawn.

Still less can it be thought that the Saxons in tilling the British soil could have overlooked heaps of money, in their time so much nearer to the surface than now, and which we ourselves disturb every month with the ploughshare or the pickaxe!

Or, are we to say that these coins were thus—heedlessly—flung into the earth, that they might at some future day be retrieved by their Roman proprietors, should they resume their dominion in Britain?

Or, lastly, were they thrown down by those haughty intruders, in order to be untombed by their successors in an after age, and stand forth at once an evidence of the purity of Roman art, and the extent of Roman triumph?

It should be remarked that Roman gold is rare in England, and silver by no means common.

I am, Sir, &c.

October 9th, 1843.

A LETTER TO WILLIAM COBBETT.

IN your *Register* of Saturday the 7th inst., you have indulged your taste for calumny in a feeble attempt to depreciate the clerical character, by assailing it in the person of an individual, the venerated incumbent of Great Chalfield; a man as generally known for learning, talents, and

moral worth, as you are for the reverse. He is, I am well aware, perfectly competent to the task of exposing your vulgar absurdities, and inflicting on you condign punishment for the same; but in all likelihood disdains the act, and certainly has something better to do. I have not; and therefore gladly employ my pen on the occasion; by no means intending to vindicate the able and reverend incumbent, or refute the ridiculous positions contained in your scurrilous columns, but to give vent to the feelings of profound contempt with which, in common with every honest mind, I regard a being so utterly despicable as yourself; having done which, I shall submit the decision to the judgment of the public. In the art of writing, though no proficient, I am at least your equal; in principles, your superior; but there are requisites for such work as yours and mine, wherein I must confess my inferiority: I cannot, I fear, in my own stores, find phrases of abuse such as you

and the majority of your readers will thoroughly comprehend; because, being by the accident of birth, and by profession, a gentleman, I am naturally at a loss for the language of Billingsgate and the stews. On recollection, however, I may draw on your pages for a supply, if needful; but even then I am afraid the genuine odour of the canteen will be wanting; everybody cannot, so readily command the jargon of the guard-room and the cellar.

I proceed to compress the substance of your letter to the exemplary Rector of Great Chalfield, (whom, by the by, you falsely arraign for devouring the great tithes of this parish) and to observe—that—you have taken or made opportunities of vilifying the reputation of the existing British people, Episcopacy, the Church Establishment, the Protestant version of the Bible, Parsons in general, and the Rector of Great Chalfield in particular; terming his pamphlet nonsense or kna-

very, and himself an unblushing time-server, and a liar. You next profess yourself the champion of what is called Catholic Emancipation, and having styled the senate corrupt, recommend a Reform in Parliament.

If anything imaginable could influence me to oppose myself to the Emancipation Bill, and a constitutional representation of the people, it would be the circumstance of those measures finding favour in your eyes. That you should be their advocate would indeed alarm any one who might, by some strange chance, remember only your turpitude, and forget your insignificance ! But on the other hand, may I not ask if it would not be altogether unfair in argument to conclude a cause to be bad, merely from its enrolling a bad member among its partisans ?

You have alluded to the delinquency of a depraved churchman in high station : perhaps you do not think with quite so much abhorrence of that miscreant as I do ; yet I

trust I know more of human nature than to believe that his conduct casts the slightest stigma on the Prelacy, the Priesthood, or mankind. How poor a logician would he prove himself, who should conceive it a reflection on the friends of Emancipation or Reform, because one solitary old prostitute might mingle with their ranks! And what would the rational world think of a man convicted, and a thousand times derided for his baseness, convicted of having, with a view to lucre, written against the American Revolution—and for it; against Thomas Paine, and for Thomas Paine; against Christianity and its precepts—and for them; and against a generous patron—in order to avoid paying him a sum of money lent to this mendicant in his hour of need; what, I ask, would be the world's opinion of anything said or written by such a man? Why, in this case, Cobbett, the world would borrow from the vocabulary of your ordinary admirers such epithets as would best de-

scribe him, and apply them to you; it would aver that eulogy from you invariably operates like slander, and your disapprobation as a compliment. It would go farther, and assert that I have paid you one of no trifling value in thus stooping to notice the sordid trash of a hireling, who has obtained—not fame—but notoriety, for the only formidable quality he possesses—for Impudence. In reality you have no other; but on the strength of that vice alone—like other upstarts—with a puny knowledge of the rules of arithmetic, a still more superficial acquaintance with those of grammar, and none whatever with the laws of decency, with as much literature as suffices to study encyclopedias and magazines; without any purer dialect than that of the servant's hall; and, in short, without any pretension, except what is furnished by that before-mentioned ingredient Impudence, you have obtruded yourself on society, in a grade above your condition, and have paid the penalty of

your offence: you live despised; despised by the gentry of England, with whom, of course, you can never be identified; and by your kindred rabble, whom you have over and over pillaged, deserted and betrayed. Let this address act on you as a salutary warning: no one knows better than you that temerity may consist with cowardice and crime; but, beware how you rashly presume to answer me: if you dare to do so, you may depend on again hearing from me.

Bath, Feb. 14, 1829.

SUNDAY TRAVELLING.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—I trouble you with a few words on a subject at present much talked of, and one, as some conceive, of considerable importance—the propriety or impropriety of

travelling, in these countries, on the Lord's Day. If Sunday be deemed a day of rest—no matter on what principle—it most undoubtedly should be such to all, and under all imaginable circumstances; or, if otherwise, to none, except to those who choose to make it so. How the founders, expounders, and confounders of our laws may determine the point, I neither know nor care. My purpose now, is to communicate to you and to the public, a query submitted to me in a letter lately received from an acute and enlightened friend. "What" he inquires, "will the advocates of still-life, and the obstacle-raisers to Sunday locomotion, say to the phrase 'Sabbath-day's journey' (see Acts i. 12); to my simple sense it appears that travelling on the Sabbath could not have been considered altogether sinful, or such an expression would never have been in use?"

What will they say, I repeat after my friend—on being reminded that the above

quoted words, "a Sabbath-day's journey," were employed as popular and intelligible, by a sacred pen in the earliest and purest period of Christianity?

Trusting that you, sir, or some of your correspondents may favour me with a reply.

I remain, yours, &c.

Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1840.

PENNIE, THE POET.

THE advancement of the human mind in these countries is no longer a comparative term: it was strictly such in the infant hour of British literature; and nearly so even in the reign of Queen Anne, when in the ranks of English gentry spelling correctly was a rare accomplishment; and when it has been computed that there were not more than two or three purchasers of books in the dominions: *i.e.* who purchased

annually all the printers brought out. When not many among the labouring classes could read or write; when a few newspapers sufficed for the whole population, and periodical publications were but little known in the capital, and not at all elsewhere.

At present, ignorance is nearly as rare as knowledge used to be; a fact not only creditable to the people, but certain to be productive of incalculable advantages to them at no very distant time, and for which they will feel deeply indebted to the periodical press. Amongst its fairest fruits may be counted those performances which combining the allurements of well-written and well-selected pieces, in verse and prose, on various popular subjects, with the solid materials of instruction in science and the arts, have contributed to make reading a kind of natural propensity. In the list of works of this description, "Time's Telescope," is one which deserves, on many

accounts, the high esteem in which it is held. Its price is judiciously moderate; its contents everything which can instruct without the formidable air that generally accompanies the act of teaching, and excite and cultivate the reader's taste, without sullyng the purity of his morals. It is not, however, the intention at present to praise the work above noticed; that has been already done in every literary journal throughout the realm, and with every variety of eulogium which the acuteness of critical discernment, assisted by the utmost elegance of expression, could supply. The volume for this year possesses all the claims of its predecessors; and is peculiarly fortunate in the richness and beauty of its poetical selections. Its chief ornament of that kind is derived from the publications of Mr. James F. Pennie, of whom the editor has furnished an extremely interesting biographical sketch, calculated to create in the reader, admiration for his powers as a poet,

wonder at his literary qualifications, respect for his virtues, and compassion for his afflictions.

These, it should be observed, are not the general phrases of determined panegyric; a ready-made garland for any brow that may offer: the facts are before the world; and Mr. Pennie's talents and misfortunes are alike conspicuous and undeniable. We might be allowed to express astonishment at the discovery of erudition, where the benefit of even ordinary education was denied; at finding moral worth neglected, the pitiable wailings of indigence disregarded, and brilliant genius overlooked; and to feel mortified that this should happen in England! We might wonder, could we forget what has so often happened already; could we forget that Spenser, and Otway, and Butler died in want; that the author of *Paradise Lost*, and Dryden were poor; that Chatterton perished in despair, and that Kirke White, the victim of Re-

viewing stupidity, was only known when it was too late; yet that publishers have made fortunes by their works; that the libraries of the great would be thought defective without them, and that thousands have soothed and shall yet soothe their seasons of loneliness, and sorrow, and pain, with their invaluable volumes!

A comparison between the effusions of Mr. Pennie, and those of a late titled versifier, is not here the object; they have between them nothing in common except their devotion to the Muse. But, let us take a cursory view of both, for a very different purpose: see the Peer swollen into self-satisfaction by the pride and sense of security which his patrician rank and lordly income could not fail to generate; see him exhilarated by the incense of adulation, lolling on silk, and treading on velvet: dwelling in halls of splendour amidst gems and gold, and courted by the mighty and the fair; and see this man dedicating his leisure, in other words

his whole day of life, and his faculties, such as they were, to the composition of scurrility obscenity and blasphemy: toiling (for toil he did) to destroy; to ruin the peace of mind, the moral integrity and future hopes of his fellow-being. Then turn to Pennie, and in him view the man of filial piety, parental tenderness, and conjugal affection, exposed to all the winds of adversity, without friends, money, station, health, or patronage—producing verse worthy of Milton, glowing description, of which Thompson might have been proud, and precepts dictated by the purest spirit of true religion, wisdom and philanthropy! The contrast between the fortunes of Pennie and the nobleman is not greater than that by which their writings are distinguished; nor is the popularity enjoyed by the author of *Don Juan* so discreditable to the taste and feelings of the age, as is the neglect of him who wrote “*Scenes in Palestine*.” We refer our readers to the recently published

volume of "Time's Telescope," for an account of Mr. Pennie, of his worth, his genius, and his misfortunes; and likewise for some very beautiful specimens of his poetry, to which partial selections cannot possibly do sufficient justice, though a favourable inference might be drawn from these, as a conception of the whole splendid edifice may be formed from the fragment of a Corinthian capital, or the remnant of a fluted column.

We cannot close this article without expressing a hope as much allied to patriotism as humanity, that the writings of such a man as Pennie may not be lost to his country and to posterity, through the inertness of his contemporaries; but that transplanted from the shades of retirement in which he has heretofore languished, he may be brought into the sunshine of public notice, and cherished as a production destined, probably, by his Creator to be the boast and ornament of his native soil.

Pennie has been too long in obscurity, and it is full time that the rays of public favour and protection should reach him. He has in his "Royal Minstrel" an exquisite passage which though we have vowed against the indulgence of quotation, we venture to transcribe both for the rare beauty of the imagery, and as being, we would fondly trust, prophetic of the Poet's speedily emerging from darkness into day.

"On his shoulders night,
Flinging his ebon mantle rent with storms,
Grimly retired, as up th' ethereal steep.
The heavenly coursers mounted to the Sun,
And bade the stars withdraw."

THE BATH STAGE

CONSIGNING to others the business of criticising the various exhibitions by which the last eight or ten theatrical days have been

distinguished, we beg leave instead, first, to contradict a foolish statement in circulation of forty-six persons having fallen asleep at the New Comedy of "The Wife's Stratagem:" the number is grossly exaggerated: it might have happened at the farce of the £100 Note! And next, to make an observation on one of the heavy grievances to which the respectable classes of the Bath audience, and perhaps of all other audiences are exposed, and by which they suffer sorely. We point at the nuisance of what is termed an encore. There are laws in this free country for the protection of the citizen from almost every imaginable evil, and from many of a kind much less distressing than the annoyance which may arise from a theatrical encore, against the complicated evils whereof no redress has been provided; nor indeed can we yet suggest an adequate remedy for a vexation under which we have ourselves groaned in anguish many a time and oft.

It is surely hard that some half-dozen of ill-bred, tasteless, or tipsy boobies in the pit, boxes, or gallery, should possess a power of forcing a singer to repeat several stanzas of low, silly stuff, which they find palatable, and which has already nauseated a large majority of the spectators; and of compelling the performer, exhausted by the requisite effort, to execute with all its difficulties a song for the second or even third time—for the exclusive gratification of this most despicable minority, and at the expense of delay and fatigue to the discreet and rational portion of the auditory. We have never yet endured this barbarous infliction of civil despotism without thinking that it closely resembles in its nature the tyranny which subjugated France during the reign of terror, when a few ruffians sent thousands of the virtuous and the wise, of philosophers, statesmen, and warriors to the reeking scaffold, and converted the rest of the population into trembling slaves!

The principle in each case is the same. A solitary, insensible fool, in the corner of a stage box or in the pit or the gallery, can, whenever it so pleases this class of theatrical *Robespierres* or *Marats*, command the services of a public performer, however eminent, and bring into temporary humiliation their superiors in personal respectability, years, talents—in everything except impudence. Ought this to be endured!

Of the play and farce on Wednesday, I may say something at a future opportunity. Of what followed them, I shall now say that Swift has afforded me authority for not saying anything. In his directions to servants, he supposes a master directing his butler to shut the gate of the coach-house, whereunto the butler is to reply, "Sir, I cannot, for I don't understand horses."

You may have observed that of late, through want of abilities to write finely, I have dabbled in bill-criticism. Take a

specimen. The composers of bills should be cautious in giving such information to the public as the bill, for instance, of last Saturday contained, namely, "Doors to be open at six, and to begin at seven o'clock." The meaning of which is, that the *doors* were to begin at the time specified, a supposition too extraordinary to be easily admitted. Our stage must surely be in a low condition, when we are driven to employ such wooden performers ! Should it prove a fact, and that these articles are to be placed on the acting establishment, it will be so much the better for

Yours.

A word on the dressing of "Honest Thieves." Mrs. Windsor, well ; Bellamy, correct ; Woulds, ditto ; Ayliffe, ditto ; Teague (Mr. Hamerton), regular ; the rest, modern and absurd. I *was* present.

THE THEATRE.

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. Paul Martin, at Bristol.

DEAR PAUL,—You have, I suspect, few such good correspondents as I am, it being now almost two years since the date of my last. At your desire, however, and by permission of our friend, the Editor of the *Herald*, I revive the practice of addressing through him my letters to you on theatrical affairs in this place: and though, as formerly, I shall generally confine myself to subjects connected with the drama, yet I also, as formerly, claim the privilege of an eccentric, and shall, when I think proper, introduce any other subject I please.

Our theatre opened for the season last Monday night with the performance of his trip to America by Mr. Mathews; and an admirable performance it proved. It is,

in fact, the most exuberant display of versatile talent, that was, perhaps, ever possessed by an individual; and I aver this emphatically, because although all the exhibitions of Mr. M. with which for many years he has delighted the public, are wonderfully clever, there is, in his American sketches, more of what one has heard of, and less of that which every one in Britain may be said to know; more of the outlandish and the new.

To an English mind Jonathan is a novelty; every thing about him is like British, yet is not British. The Americans resemble the grandchildren of Pope's willow; the same thing—and not the same thing; whether better or worse than the parent-stock is another question, and one which I shall not undertake to settle. The mightiness of America is, possibly, *in futuro*, but—not altogether so; she has already produced Franklin and Washington! And as to the balance of crime and folly, let us

study the reports of Bow-street and Bond-street, before we determine the point.

The next time Mr. Mathews announces his "America," the composer of his bill may head it with the well-known paraphrase of the well-known lines:—

"Let those laugh now—who never laughed before,
And those who always laugh'd, laugh now the more."

On Monday evening all the anti-risibles of Bath conspired "I calculate," not to go to the Theatre, that none except laughers might occupy the house. I never noticed anything like it; and should think that a tragedy by Southern himself would stand but a poor chance of success on our boards for some months to come; at least until the walls and benches shall retrieve their habitual gravity. Still on Monday evening, all was not merriment; the genius of Mathews is not confined to the exciting of laughter only. The portrait he drew of the Frenchman at the Post-office, a father—and an exile, agitated by hope, and

drooping in heart-broken despondency—was infinitely beautiful; the scene was so managed by this great master (he is no less) as to touch the true feelings of an English auditory, and every fair and every manly bosom in the house acknowledged its force. In happy contrast was the artist's representation of the "German Judge," on the intense humour of which I shall not enlarge; and only say—when you have an opportunity, go and see it.

Somebody else may discuss *Pizarro*, the *Foundling of the Forest*, *John Bull*, and the after pieces thereunto appended; I shall avail myself of my privilege as an "eccentric" and a Joiner of odds and ends, and indulge in a few words of remark on a point of stage arrangement, shamefully neglected, in defiance of frequent expostulations. I hazard once more, a remonstrance, which will I trust reach all the Stage Managers in Europe, on the inconsistencies, the enormous confusion, and

clumsiness arising from not doing what has never yet been properly done, which might be done so easily, and which, if done, must be productive of many advantages, preclude innumerable absurdities, and not give birth to any; I mean the dressing the personages of a dramatic piece, not according to the fashion of the hour, nor the taste of the Manager, but solely with reference to the period when the plot of the piece is laid. When I say that this has not been done, I mean with regard to those Plays the fables of which relate to occurrences subsequent to the classic times, or days of yore; for of them, I admit, that something like a representation has, within these thirty years, been attempted. Cato no longer figures in a brigadier-wig, scarlet breeches, and square-toed shoes; and even Macbeth has left off the habit of a Mayor's footman, his silk hose, bag, and small sword. But further reformation is required: for instance, a play written to exhibit the man-

ners of the days of Queen Anne, or any of the Georges, should be dressed in the clothes worn and known to be worn at the precise period of exhibition. By the neglect of this we lose not only a view of the costume of former times, in itself a matter of fair curiosity, but of what is more curious, the connexion subsisting between habits of dress and prevailing manners, which mutually influence and belong to each other; and in place of these have a tissue of incongruities, such as we constantly witness, and have to lament.

THE BATH STAGE.

SINCE our last report the Theatre has been a scene of greater variety than usual. Mr. Macready's Macbeth was a subject so attractive as to seduce us into an account of his performance so diffuse that we wanted

space for observation on other parts or persons connected with the exhibition of this wonderful effort of poetry. We shall now only recur to the tragedy for the sake of making a short remark on one circumstance in what, we believe, is technically called the getting up. What we refer to may be the old way, and what the people expect, &c., but this, if the fact, will not render it less erroneous. *Macbeth* is full of awful business, and conceived by the great author in the highest style of dramatic sublimity: the witches were introduced to augment not diminish its solemn character; but from some unaccountable stupidity in those who should have known better, these fine elements of the grand and terrible have been transformed into agents of the burlesque; and part of this noble tragedy has been thus, consequently, clothed in patchwork garments, like themselves. That the people expect comicality from these unearthly beings, may be true; but their tastes, (if

such they be), have been vitiated by the folly of their superiors in society, and should be opposed and corrected. The people, with as much reason, may expect a hornpipe in the scaffold scene of *Venice Preserved*. We have thrown out this hint to relieve our own minds from a weight of uncomfortable feelings, without the most distant hope of such relief being afforded. The presiding powers in these cases, are, we are aware, in the habit of treating the expression of popular sentiment with contempt: we shall merely say, that the reaction has occasionally been found formidable; it should not be forgotten that the Theatres of a nation are schools of instruction and delight, placed in the hands of guardians for the people's benefit; these guardians are liberally remunerated, and should do their duty.

On Tuesday evening *Il Turco in Italia* drew the customary multitude of real and self-called devotees; and likewise drew me,

who am of neither class ; but yet, I trust, am of those who greatly approve of the charms of music in general, and of that of Italy in particular, to which, I whisper to you, the name of genuine is assuredly more applicable than to the music of any other nation on earth. One thing there is, which I admire in the Italian Opera more even than the melody : to wit, its dulcet influence on the deportment of its auditors, not merely at the time, but elsewhere and afterwards. The Italians seem to have propagated a measure of meekness, of silky softness, a kind of tip-toe behaviour, all through society in this our dear city. I am, you must understand, admitted as an humble visitor in sundry respectable houses here ; and I protest that for this fortnight past I have been astonished at the alteration discoverable in the conduct of several families, who allow me right of ingress and egress : in my own immediate district the amendment has been prodigious.

Instead of being received, as often heretofore, with an accompaniment obligato of screams, scolding, and argument, matters are managed by means of a Diesis, which, you remember, is less even than a semi-tone. I enjoy an absolute inganno, where I anticipated G in alt; and a mezza voce salutes my ears, in place of a mesto, or worse.

All over the town the *raddolcendo* has established itself, instead of the ordinary *sinfonia da camera*, and other pieces in the *benmarcato* style; dissonant thirds have vanished, and none but consonants remain; and a dot is put after the note of good-humour, instead of that of wrangling. Hang it, Paul, let who will say otherwise, I say—
“Vivent les Italiens!”

You see I can write about operas.

THE BATH STAGE.

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. Paul Martin, at Bristol.

FRIDAY, February 13th, we were presented at the theatre with the vigorous old comedy of the *Hypocrite*; so named, as reformed and altered from Cibber's *Non-juror*. In order to censure vice, it is, I am afraid, necessary to define it: at least Bickerstaff, in this play of the *Hypocrite*, seems to have thought so; his delineation is consequently coarse. Without pretending to squeamishness, I confess that on Friday I was now and then offended by something very like irreligion and indelicacy: affected sanctity and probity are disgusting; they call for exposure, and deserve detestation; but the notion of a Providence and the guilt of adultery have nothing comical in them, and are topics which should not be

brought into a theatre; into what Jeremiah Collier terms the House of Dagon, to make, like Sampson, sport for the Philistines!

The performance of the piece altogether did the greatest possible credit to those members of the Bath company who were employed on the occasion, and executed the heavy work; the appearances of Mr. Liston, as Mawworm, being "like angel visits, few and far between." They were, nevertheless, exceedingly welcome, and produced probably as much genuine merriment as was ever witnessed here or elsewhere. When Mr. L. was resolved to raise a laugh, it was out of my power, and that of about a thousand others, to resist him; especially in his burlesque sermon, if it must be so called; but this sermon is a serious impropriety, and so is the insisting on a repetition of it; a liberty which should neither be taken nor complied with on a well-regulated stage.

On Tuesday the 2nd, the Italian Opera of

The Barber of Seville was as attractive as its predecessor. It enraptured me to see the patience and submission with which two-thirds of a crowded audience gave ear to what they neither liked nor comprehended; with what "sad civility" they simpered, and nodded their heads out of tune, and in short did everything befitting the melancholy condition of those who would be—and are not—scientific and fashionable. The reflection, however, occurs,—how fortunate it is for Italian and other operas, that some folks besides connoisseurs—frequent them!

There is something dignified and resembling good old times in a tragedy, and still more in a tragedy which has seen its hundred springs. On Wednesday evening we were entertained at the theatre with Rowe's *Jane Shore*, a production possessing some beauties and many defects. The poet has said, in his title-page, that the tragedy is in the style of Shakspeare: it might have been so

intended; but, as the critics have decided long ago, the play has in it little resemblance to Shakspeare; in fact none, except the phrases of "By Holy Paul," "Beshrew me," &c. And, that it is partly founded on history, of the falsities of which, Rowe, like Shakspeare, has availed himself, basely to calumniate Richard the 3rd in the person of Glo'ster, and without Shakspeare's mean excuse. He was sordid enough to flatter the Tudors in order to please the Virago Elizabeth, the scarcely legitimate daughter of the veriest miscreant that ever wore a diadem. Rowe's tragedy is constructed on other objectionable principles; he has maligned Richard, who was at least a renowned warrior and lawgiver, with a view to recommend *Jane Shore* who was —. The Greeks had a saying: "Ἀπαξ κλεπτὼν ἀεὶ φῶρ ἐστί, which may be translated, "once a Captain, and always a Captain;" humanely speaking we may pity Jane Shore, but morally she must not be vindicated!

After all, the thing is heavy and went off, as it ever does, so ponderously, that a short memorandum of the performance will be sufficient for you and me.

MRS. BAILEY.

To the Editor of the Bath Chronicle.

SIR,—About three months have passed since I arrived here from a kind of theatrical tour: I mean that I visited perhaps sixteen or eighteen theatres in different parts of the nation, including those of the capital. It is not my intention to trouble you with a detail of what I saw; but merely to state that my inquiry being directed chiefly to one object, I attained that object; and that the result has been very favourable to your city. I once conjectured, and am now convinced, however extravagant I may appear to some, and how much soever my

assertion may be disputed by the ignorant and the interested, that Bath, in the person of Mrs. Bailey, is in possession of the best actress in England. I must not add that Bath is so without knowing it; but I will say that you seem not to be quite sure of what is nevertheless a fact. Let those who please try to disprove what I have said; I shall content myself with barely repeating that it is true.

I have no acquaintance with Mrs. Bailey, but have often seen her on the stage, last year and more recently; and although not as frequently as I could have wished, still often enough to answer the purpose of comparing her with those female performers I have seen elsewhere; and the more I saw, the more amazed have I been on discovering that, her great claims considered, so little notice has been taken of one who would undoubtedly have been esteemed invaluable almost anywhere else; I mean where fine acting is understood and admired.

Of the numerous parts in which I have had the pleasure to see Mrs. Bailey, I shall refer only to such as appear to require a variety of talent and natural endowments not often found in the same individual. For instance, can a greater contrast be imagined than what exists between Alicia and Mrs. Candour; Elvira and Mrs. Racket; Meg Merrilies and Miss Vortex; Queen Elizabeth and Mrs. Oakley; Milwood and Helen Macgregor? I have seen these parts played in most of the theatres of Great Britain; and in none of them so well as by Mrs. Bailey of Bath; nor indeed in a long life of indulgence in theatrical amusements can I remember having beheld any stage display superior to her Helen Macgregor and Mrs. Candour in the *School for Scandal*.

THE THEATRE,

HAVING in our last disposed of the subject of Madame Vestris and her late engagement, nothing remains for us but to congratulate, as we very sincerely do, the theatrical world on the pleasure derived from the exertions of the accomplished Madame V., and the theatrical treasury on its consequent prosperity.

Our anxiety now arises from the deep interest we take in a matter closely connected indeed with the affairs of the stage, though relating more immediately to a respectable individual of the company—Mrs. Bailey, to whose wished-for return to our boards we gladly look forward, and in the meantime as gladly contemplate the probably brilliant result of the active and judicious measures taken for ensuring her a splendid benefit next Monday evening.

The feelings of perhaps the most generous

public even in this generous land have been forcibly appealed to in behalf of Mrs. Bailey's numerous and hapless family, and thus far that appeal has been nobly answered ; but it could not be otherwise in *Bath*, where the very spirit of pure philanthropy seems assuredly to have fixed her abode. In the present affecting instance the generous members of the dramatic corps, those who habitually resort to the theatre for amusement, and those who never enter its doors, the great, the gay, the humble, and the austere—all have united, to prove that all are alike animated by one common and sublime motive of LIBERALITY, and to evince themselves actuated by the divine sentiment of pity for "the fatherless and widow in their affliction."

THE THEATRE.

THE theatrical memorabilia of last week consisted of the performance of an amateur who appeared in the parts of Sir Robert Bramble in *The Poor Gentleman*, and Sir Anthony Absolute in the *Rivals*; of Mr. Bartley representing an Irishman of six feet high, and of Mrs. Bartley acting Mrs. Malaprop on the same occasion, and then acting Collins's ode, "The passions; an ode for music," as the author has called it; but which is usually, and by the bills, termed his ode *on* the passions.

Before we proceed to speak of the amateur, we must be allowed to comment on the singular expression used in the play-bills to announce him. He is therein styled a *gentleman* amateur, and we confess ourselves unable to comprehend exactly the meaning of the epithet so employed; amateur

would surely have sufficed for his quality and his pretensions. What would be thought (we ask in all humility) of an *ungentlemanlike* amateur, or of a *professional* amateur. The phraseology is ridiculous, but nearly what might be expected from a quarter where the principles of dramatic regulation are violated in points of more moment; where the *genius loci* or ruling power advises, or at least permits such absurdities as those to which a Bath audience is from time to time compelled to submit. For instance, men walking about streets and meadows and mountains with their hats in their hands, or with opera hats on their heads; costumes of eighty or a hundred years apart worn by different persons in the same piece; Captain Absolute attired as a modern Hussar officer, whom we are accustomed to see (and that for a half-pay subaltern is foolish enough in Bath), as an Ensign of a marching regiment, which Lydia is made to suppose him from his dress; and even the silly Lydia must

perceive the difference between that appropriate garb, and one so unlike the attire of an Ensign! If anything could be more contemptible as a symbol of misrule, it is to be discovered in the low nonsense of furnishing David, in the *Rivals*, with a house-maid's brush on his shoulder wherewith to run by day-light through the city of Bath, in order to interrupt a suspected duel; and with the certain effect of rendering a comedy so nearly related to broad farce as the *Rivals*, still more farcical. Be it noted that these exquisite illustrations are deliberately rehearsed, and have, we presume, the sanction of Government approval!

THE BATH STAGE.

Love in a Village.

INSTEAD of examining each play and her separate character in each, we are inclined

to fix upon one only of the number; and this because, though we should find it very difficult to decide in which Miss Paton appeared to others to excel, we are on the whole disposed to prefer her Rosetta to the rest, and fancy we could assign cogent reasons for this opinion. Every eminent Rosetta whom we have seen might be defined by some one descriptive appellation: Mrs. Billington, whose acting was but tolerable, was as a vocalist astonishing; and Mrs. Dickons, vociferous: another might be termed the feeble; and another the embellishing Rosetta; and all were little better than gabblers in the dialogue, and utterly deficient in the extremely nice task of managing what may be called the double character of the heroine in "Love in a Village." In this respect Miss Paton's personation is admirable: she compels the spectator to confess her as genteel in mind as in form. The stupid and vicious bumpkin Hodge, she bewitches by her elegance, and the licen-

tious old Justice, by her beauty; and renders it barely possible (but this she does), that these two, and the bewildered Madge, should conceive her to be a waiting-maid; while the beholder of the scene is amazed at their blindness, and extravagantly entertained by their absurdities. The dress of Miss Paton was, in our conception, at least one degree above propriety: we remember in former times deriving much gratification from the contrast between the lowly attire of the Rosetta of the day, in the early scenes, and the (badly suppressed) manners of polished life, in her interview with the Justice, Hodge, &c. Besides, in the last century there was considerable splendour in the mode of dressing among the upper ranks of females; and much of effect depends on Rosetta's suddenly blazing out upon the undeceived and overjoyed young Meadows. Modern costume is indeed essentially unfriendly to stage effect in general; and hardly any stock play requires throughout the garments

of the olden time more than this Opera of Bickerstaff's. But—the entire business of dramatic dressing seems governed by the genius of confusion and mistake!

YOUNG MARLOW

MR. MONTAGUE's Young Marlow was, in many points, more than unobjectionable; but surely his embarrassment in the sitting dialogue was not a little *outré*. Goldsmith has been praised for the rare merit of a new stage-creation in the character of Young Marlow; but it is only partially a happy conception of the poet's: Marlow is in fact a monster on the boards, as he would be in life. A low-bred man might be impudent in one sort of society and sheepish in another; but a gentleman though frozen by diffidence, could not be sheepish: could never, for example, in his confusion do

what Mr. Montague did, which yet is scarcely unnatural in a being so inconsistent as the Marlow of the author. We allude particularly to his helping himself to a chair, and leaving a young lady standing. This is the act not of a bashful man, but a fool, which Marlow is not. Mr. Montague may depend on it that it is always better in the actor to play to the sense of some supposed enlightened spectator, than to the mob in the gallery or boxes. He spoke his asides with too much point and loudness; but, indeed, this again is in some degree the author's fault, for having fancied a kind of double-man, half idiot, and half intellectual, which in the world never yet was, nor ever can be. Any strictures of ours on Mr. M.'s performance will, we are confident, be received by his friends, and we hope by himself, as in a measure complimentary: the slight errors of a person of talents should always be pointed out, lest they might pass into examples for actors of inferior ability.

Let me say a little on what might afford much matter for discussion; the dressing of this comedy, which was, according to custom, execrably mismanaged. The play should be represented in all its primitive features, for they belong to the age which gave it birth, which is now gone by, and of which we of this day can form no better idea, than such as a comedy of the time might afford us. Whether it is to be desired that we should know how our grandfathers looked, or be ignorant of the circumstance, is another affair. It is my belief that we should augment our pleasure by such knowledge considerably, and that nothing connected with the ordinary feelings of our kind can well be more amusing; but it is evident that Goldsmith did not calculate on our seeing his work in a mutilated state, but as he moulded it.

We must remember that old Hardcastle knew a contemporary of the great Duke of Marlborough; that the *outré* compliments

paid by Hastings to Mrs. Hardcastle borrow their comic effect from the queer fact of the ridiculous old lady's having dressed *at* the fashionable and terrific diagrams, in the Scandalous Magazine; that she speaks of Mr. H's flaxen wig; and that Marlow alludes to his embroidered coat and *ventredor* waistcoat. Tony, too, calls for his boots, in order to take a journey, not being ready all day for the road, as the modern young fellow would be. Hastings and Marlow wear swords, as appears by Tony's apprehensions of being run through; and Miss Hardcastle (it is essential to the deceit) should, as bar-maid, be as unlike as possible to Miss H. in her finery. Every point, indeed, in the costume marks the date of the piece; but in lieu of what should be, we had before us last Saturday, a kind of *olla podrida* of raiment. Mrs. Hardcastle was nearly correct in dress; Mr. H. tolerably well; that of Mr. Woulds, in Tony, was good; while Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville were two modern tiffany

dolls, suitable to their dandy admirers, who rushed forth, fresh from the mint of Stultz or Schneider!

I cannot take leave of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and of you, without specifying some curious particulars contained in the early edition (Oxford, 1691), of Langbaine, respecting Phil. Massinger. The painful and ingenious supervisor of the publication informs his courteous readers, that the author, viz. Massinger, was born at Salisbury in the reign of King Charles the First (who came to the throne in 1625), that he was eighteen years old in the last year of Queen Elizabeth, and that he creditably pursued his studies at the University from 1602, for three or four years. From which it follows, that he went to Oxford nineteen years before he was born, and wrote several plays while in leading strings. This mass of extraordinary facts should not depress the aspiring youths of our time: people (I know it by myself)

may be superlatively clever—without being miracles—like Massinger.

Believe me, faithfully,

Dear Paul, yours,

THE JOINER.

With regard to the gentleman who played Sir Robert Bramble, &c., we claim a right to give our candid opinion of his performance, and this for two reasons; namely, because without any affectation we may say that our judgment may be erroneous, and is therefore of too little importance to be suppressed; and again, because we refuse to plead to that law of courtesy by which Amateurs are not deemed amenable to critical jurisdiction, while professional persons are made liable to the pains and penalties of free discussion. On the contrary we conceive that this rule should almost be reversed; and that if anything so offensive to proper pride as clemency is to be shown, it ought to be extended to those who live by the splendid art of acting, and never to such

as are not obliged to appear on a public stage, and in excuse of whom nothing should operate except the gift of transcendent talent.

THE BATH STAGE.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. Paul Martin at Bristol.

IN my last I promised some observations on Shakspeare, and the *Merchant of Venice*; you shall have them here; and if not new, they shall at least be short. Johnson says of Shakspeare in general, that comedy was his forte; of the *Merchant of Venice*, that the comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. I do not think that comedy was that sort of dramatic writing in which Shakspeare excelled, nor do I care who thinks otherwise. Johnson, in-

deed, had Falstaff in his mind when he made the remark; and perhaps Shakspeare has hardly drawn a tragic character better, if one so well. But this solitary success of Shakspeare cannot be placed against his almost innumerable portraits of tragic finishing; against Lear, Othello, Romeo, Constance, &c., nor even his fine painting of the luckless Shylock. As to the laughter raised by the comic parts of the *Merchant of Venice*, I should imagine that the gross and obdurate only could laugh at them; and not even such at most of Shakspeare's comic writings. Either his conception of humour was barbarous; or his style of merriment was assumed to suit the barbarous taste of his age; or comic pleasantry has now a meaning different from what it had in Elizabeth's day. His plays, in parts (especially his comedies), are the scorn of the polite and intelligent auditor; and tiresome mysteries to the decent and the dull. With respect to his *Merchant of Venice*, whatever may be

the execution, the motive is unpardonable. That he took his fable from the works of Giovanni Fiorentino, may be true or false: he was not obliged to do so. Whether he has succeeded or failed, in trying to augment the existing (still existing!) stupid, cruel, and scandalous prejudice against the Jewish people, is of no consequence in weighing the mean, the sordid principle by which his pen was guided when he made the attempt. If sincere in his purpose his weakness calls for derision and pity; if not, there are no terms expressive of indignation strong enough for the infamous act: I say this because I am not a Jew, and because I am a Christian. The *Merchant of Venice* is, besides, defiled by a profusion of that foul impurity which stains the comedy of Shakspeare: so foul, that criticism shrinks from the odious task of specifying and chastising.

Monday evening we had Mrs. Cowley's

mumper, an effect produced by the *outré* style usual in representations of stage Irishmen. Johnson was always attentive to mark this delicate and requisite distinction.

Wednesday, for the benefit of Miss George, what we understand is called the comedy of *Paul Pry* was again brought out, that the good people of Bath might laugh at Mr. Liston in Paul, as they had already struggled to do at Mr. Woulds's performance of the character. In laughter, as in other things, much depends on predisposition; the house was thronged, and the spectators, having assembled with a thorough determination to be risibly affected, did laugh incontinently. In truth, it is not easy to avoid this expression of human frailty when Mr. Liston endeavours to provoke us. He is undeniably a very facetious person in voice, aspect, &c., and fortunately he is so, as in *Paul Pry* there is no opportunity for the exertion of comic powers (whatever there may be for buffoonery);

the part of Paul and the play itself being superlatively dull and tiresome. It was originally exhibited under very great disadvantages to a Bath audience ; our own excellent comedian, Woulds, being called upon to play Paul from conjecture ; and all that comedy could do for Paul, Mr. Woulds did ; but the thing was written, not for Mr. Woulds, nor for the general use of any comic actor, but exclusively for Mr. Liston ; and so exclusively does it appertain to him, that we venture to say were Mr. L. suddenly endowed with an aquiline nose, a clear voice, and a wish to walk upright, he might play Paul to almost any audience without exciting laughter in one rational individual. It may appear strange to assert gravely, what is nevertheless perfectly true—that in his countenance Mr. Liston resembles the beautiful Duchess of Bolton, or the more beautiful Countess of Coventry—his face has been the making of him !—Mr. L. finished his labours this evening with a sort of

metrical address in the character of Mawworm; he delivered it with abundant pleasantry, and being loudly called upon to say it all over again, complied with infinite complaisance, though he probably as much nauseated this twice telling of a good thing, as we did the hearing of it. The subject is none of the fairest; as we humbly conceive that even the semblance of the religion of the land ought not to furnish food for the merriment of play-goers, the particular advantage of any performer, or the general avidity of managers.

MACREADY IN MACBETH, ETC.

MR. M. sturdily rejects several temptations to innovate, as Kean sometimes did, and the critics think might more frequently be safely tried: for example, he says, following Johnson's text, "my way of life;"

it is more than possible that this was written "May" by the author; signifying that mental perturbation had hurried Macbeth at once from the spring into the autumn of his days. We could add more to these dwarfish strictures on Mr. M., but we have said enough for the discerning, and too much for the enthusiastic and the tasteless. Nothing, as we have elsewhere insinuated, can well be more fatiguing to writer and reader than the detail of stage criticism: the art of doing which consists of little else than the introduction of a set of established phrases, applied dexterously, or clumsily, according to the measure of the artist's brains. This species of critical examination may suffice for the ordinary routine of theatricals; but somewhat more is requisite where the efforts of great abilities are the subjects of discussion. Mr. Macready's are such: he is indisputably a great actor: the best specimen in England of what may be styled the school of nature. For nature,

like Macready on the boards, is never declamatory, never inert: a person in common life would, as we perceive this actor to do, think, and feel, and speak, not with uniformity—but variety: the brow would tell the condition of the mind within; the action be abrupt and unequal; the step, now hasty, now slow; the utterance at one time rapid, and anon deliberate; the voice would be delivered with its due share of variation, and rise from the awful whisperings of terror, to the loud cries of agony or anger; and occasionally the man of real life would assume those classic attitudes and graces of outline which are the result of magnanimous feelings, or resolution of purpose, whether evil or good. This is what man would naturally be, and what Macready is on the stage. This gentleman took his temporary leave of Bath as Rob Roy; and his portrait of the bold outlaw was adorned throughout with many master-touches, and altogether very ably drawn. His scene

with Baillie Nicol Jarvie in the prison, was astonishingly easy and characteristic; it was illuminated with smiles which announced derision and native hardihood of soul, beyond the force of language to describe. But this article has run to an unseemly length, and we must defer our intended notice of others to a future opportunity.

THE THEATRE.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—I collect from recent publications on the subject of theatrical amusements, that a difference of opinion exists in this city as to the injurious or beneficial consequences to society arising from such an establishment as the theatre. I do not, nor do I intend to write on the question at issue;

but in addressing you and your many readers, merely refer to a passage which attracted my notice in a pamphlet bearing the title of "The Bath Theatre Vindicated," &c., at page 9 of which the author expresses himself thus:—"That poor, meager, and most wretched of all plays—*Douglas*."

David Hume, in a printed letter to the author, says, "I own, too, that I have an ambition to be the first who shall, in public, express his admiration of your noble tragedy of *Douglas*—one of the most interesting and pathetic pieces that was ever exhibited on any theatre."

There are various tastes in literature as in everything else. I by no means presume to say which of the critics is right, but submit to other more competent judges; and am, sir, yours, &c.

Jan. 22, 1844.

THE ENGLISH STAGE.

To pursue a little an intimation with which my last concluded. We have admitted,—that is, I have said, and you, my good Paul, have not contradicted me,—that a taste for the stage in England is on the decline. Let me take the truth of that, and of two or three other positions for granted; and among them these, that the present age is as fertile in genius of every sort as any age, and not more productive of critical fastidiousness than the times which preceded it: that, for instance, as good a play might now be written as *Young's Revenge*, or *Congreve's Way of the World*; and that the British Theatre would not now contain a more refined and literary audience than was to be gathered in the days of George II., or of William III. This I believe to be perfectly true, yet not more true than what I am about to add, or

rather repeat, that the public taste is changed; and either the theatres must be shut up, or substitutes be found in other amusements, differing from those to which our Play-houses have been hitherto appropriated. Now I would suggest the advantage of borrowing from the French,—not their tragedies; we have better tragedies than they could ever boast of: nor their comedies; which are generally better than ours, yet not so fit for British palates as those we have ourselves; but a certain species of comical drama exhibited in the Rue de Chartres at the Theatre du Vaudeville; extremely popular, and justly so, with the people of Paris especially, and indeed acceptable to almost every native, and class of natives in France. I shall briefly tell you the meaning of what is commonly termed a Vaudeville; because, though you know much, you may not know that. The author selects judiciously some striking anecdote from history, or biography, which is history

in miniature: suppose a trait in the character of any illustrious monarch, hero, moralist, or wit; this is thrown into a dramatic and operatic form; the personages converse verbally and vocally: the words of the dialogue being characteristic, and the airs, with which almost every speech is terminated, so many sweet little simple ballad measures, familiar to nearly every individual in the assemblage, and dear to every one for a better reason than their musical pretensions,—for the associations belonging to them; conveying to the hearts of the young, the adult, and the old, the imagery of early life. A piece thus managed is a perennial source of instruction, and entertainment. But there are other causes for the relish with which the performances of the Vaudeville are greeted: the persons of the drama, are habited with minute attention to costume, and even the most trivial anachronism in decoration, &c. is avoided. Apropos, do you remember how you and I laughed at a slight violation of these laws,

which we once witnessed at S—, where Brutus walked on, attended by two Beefeaters, correctly attired; while he himself, prepared for the battle of Philippi, adorned with a helmet of his Majesty's old and bold 14th Light Dragoons.

With regard to the Vaudeville, I recollect being highly gratified by a piece relating to an occurrence in the life of Frederick the Great; in which the actor who performed the part of the royal wit and chieftain, had dressed and painted himself accurately from a well known whole length portrait of Frederick, and succeeded in producing a startling similitude to the original. The objection may be made, as it has been by that most pestilent and pernicious tribe of the tiresome—the half-reasoners, to the absurdity of Frederick of Prussia, Turenne, Catinat, or the noble Malesherbes, singing their thoughts: the objection is an absurdity still greater: Othello speaking blank verse is just as unnatural and ridiculous.

I should tell you that besides the above-mentioned ingredients in a play, at the Vaudeville theatre, there is another source of gratification, supplied by the actors to the citizen of the capital, the effect of which is lost to strangers. It seems, the performers who possess the talent of mimicry indulge themselves and their Parisian visitants, by closely imitating the personal peculiarities of the leading and notorious characters of the day. This, indeed, is done with such delicacy as merely to excite a smile; not to give offence: yet it is not a part of the amusement I mean to recommend. But I would seriously and vehemently urge the trial of something like that which, with the utmost diffidence, I have ventured to suggest as a very fit occupation for any person of adequate abilities. The experiment cannot be more unsuccessful than perseverance in the prevailing system of dramatic getting up; and of want of materials there can be no danger; our stores of historical and biograph-

ical anecdote are inexhaustible; and we possess a treasury of popular songs. To avoid prolixity, I shall, for the present, drop the subject, and possibly renew it at a future time.

YOUNG MARLOW.

No poet ever lived with a fairer claim to the reputation of a man of native genius than Oliver Goldsmith; as his friend and panegyrist, Dr. Johnson, says of him in his epitaph in Westminster Abbey, he tried nearly every species of literary experiment, and never ventured on any without adorning his subject with those graces and enrichments, which none but a man of parts can supply. The essence of genius is originality; thousands of the capable and the cultivated have acquired celebrity and wealth by only improving on what one person has invented;

and in the Atlantic of invention, one of the rarest discoveries has been considered that, by which the author of *The Mistakes of a Night* is distinguished. I mean the formation of a new dramatic personage. Every body has known more than one Young Marlow in real life; but to the stage, when Goldsmith introduced him, he was a *novus homo*. It was a happy idea to show a man, at once bashful and brazen, modest and licentious, fettered and free; and in the range of the drama we can scarcely conceive a character more abounding in difficulties, for both author and actor, or find one to which the performer, in general, does less justice. In the course of more than five-and-thirty years, during which I have frequented the theatre, I have seen some ten or a dozen Young Marlows, yet not one such as I could wish Young Marlow to be; he should be bashful, because bashfulness may be the foible of a youth of distinction and sound understanding (though it seldom is);

but he must not be sheepish, which no one of a certain rank in society and of barely common abilities can be : his freedom with the supposed innkeeper should be tempered with the sprightliness and unpretending ease of an English gentleman. Marlow, in short, should not be coarsely licentious with the barmaid, an idiot with Miss Hardcastle, nor a bully with her father, especially on account of the *dénouement*, when the cloud being dissipated, he is to shine out as a man of fine sense and polished habits.

THE RIVALS.

ON Friday evening, I saw the *Rivals*, in which Mr. Kent played Faulkland, and, according to my notions, with some share of genius. Faulkland's character is not easily represented ; few spectators, and still fewer actors are capable of comprehending a being

so singular. I have, accordingly, heard critics call him unnatural, and actors term the personage unmanageable, but what is rare in nature may, nevertheless, exist, and a clever fellow can execute what to a stupid one would be impossible. In my time I have seen surly, petulant, crazy, mournful, and solemn Faulklands—but Faulkland is not any of these—his mind is weak, yet elegant; he has much sense, but more sensibility; he does not so much think wrongly, as he carries right thinking to excess; he is pettish, not peevish; and though too fastidious ever to be—or make another thoroughly happy—he is (if I am not greatly mistaken) of those who could in a day, impart and enjoy more genuine felicity than an ordinary man, such as we encounter every hour in life, would either share in, or communicate in fifty years. Mr. Kent seemed to me to have felt this; and it likewise struck me that had he been favoured with the cheering countenance of a crowded

theatre, he would have given a similar impression to others.

THE BATH STAGE.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. Paul Martin, at Bristol.

ON Friday, the 6th, was performed, to a full house, and for the first time in Bath, a new comedy in three acts, called *Pigeons and Crows*—it might as well have been entitled *One Fool makes many*; but, in short, it was brought forth, with a view of showing us of this city, at one and the same time, a play admired by the good people of London, and Mr. Liston in the character of Sir Peter Pigwiggen. It was intended to be intolerably droll, because such a droll name could belong only to a droll man, and that droll man could only be Mr. Liston;

and besides, so droll a name could be only in an exceedingly droll comedy. I suspect, my dear Paul, that my taste for drollery has totally forsaken me, and, I presume, the greater number of those who composed the audience; for, though I tried my utmost, I could not contrive to summon a smile of satisfaction at *Pigeons and Crows*; and I observed the house doing its best to be delighted, and making vigorous efforts to burst out a laughing; and all in vain! Not more than a subpcnaed titter here and there did I witness during the performance, from the complaisant contents of the upper boxes, or even the naturally laughing young folks below. But as to the solid elements of the assembled multitude, the wise ones, and those whose hair and teeth, like my own, have exchanged tints, they remained unshaken; and Mr. Liston looked funny to no manner of purpose.

To speak generally of the heroines of the metropolis, they each appeared to my old-

fashioned feelings deficient in essentials: one was, I observed, famous for one part of some one character, though incapable of even mediocrity in any other. A second was young, and plaintive and fair; and where genteel movements, a tender tone, and a white skin only were demanded, she was all that could be wished. Another had such a funny way of doing a certain scene in a certain comedy, and another such an affecting scream in the 4th act of a tragedy, that there was no doing without them both. Then there was a lady with a look so majestic, that though no great actress—yet her look! And another, no great actress either, but with such a voice for the quarrel scene, it was like Swiss thunder; and when she stamps with her foot! In the provincial theatres Mrs. — was a superb performer in spite of her squint, and Miss —, in defiance of her lisp; Mrs. Somebody was a splendid actress, being the manager's wife; and Miss — was incom-

parable, as niece to the leader in the orchestra. I cannot go on: it is not in my nature calmly to endure some things; and to get out of temper, and confess that I am so, is foolish; I therefore desist, but must acknowledge myself astonished at the comparative *sang froid* with which I have seen your Mrs. Bailey received on some occasions; and at the cold and parsimonious approval with which she has been heretofore usually noticed by your dramatic critics. Mrs. Bailey is, I understand, shortly to have a benefit: vindicate your city, and let it be a benefit: in the glowing words of Pope's never-dying prologue—

“Show you have the virtue to be moved”

at once by respect for private worth, admiration for real talents, and a just sense of what you owe yourselves.

Do as you please with my letter; if you think fit, publish it, but do not affix my humble, yet once known name; while it

might have some small weight on questions of dramatic merit, it might likewise bring me forward in a manner unwelcome to my advanced age and now retired condition.

Yours, &c.

THE THEATRE.

ON Monday evening the House presented a most mind-filling and interesting scene, surpassing the force of any descriptive epithets we possess : a Theatre thronged to the roof with genuine voluptuaries and pleurists of a class not often found so numerous in theatres or elsewhere, and not comprising merely lovers of the drama, but such as are enamoured of moral beauty, of " whatsoever things are pure and of good report," the votaries of that offspring of the skies, " fair Charity;" that power which in the paraphrase we are assured—when tongues have

ceased, and prophecies have failed, and other powers have passed away—shall

—————“ still survive :

Shall stand before the host of Heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.”

The entertainments of the evening were for the benefit of the seven children of our favourite, much admired, and greatly respected actress, Mrs. Bailey; when the well selected comedy and farce of *Where to find a Friend*, and *The Prisoner at Large*, with other amusements, were performed with almost unexampled energy, and a display of talent as if all on the boards had been inspired with emulation to do their utmost for the hallowed cause. That of Mrs. Bailey's children was, on this occasion, not only indebted to the generous exertions of the principal persons in the establishment, and of the ladies and gentlemen of the company, but particularly to the active friendship and professional abilities of Mr. Woulds and Mr. Bellamy. The latter gentleman,

when the play was finished, delivered, with admirable distinctness and the happiest dramatic tact, a very neat composition in verse, written at the solicitation of many of Mrs. Bailey's friends, and pointedly addressed to the crowded and benevolent audience. This appeal was the production of Thos. H. Bayly, Esq., and evinced, as may be supposed, both the genius of the poet, and the glow of philanthropy which is acknowledged to be inseparable from real talents. The Bard introduced in a small compass every topic that could be thought applicable, distributed with the greatest taste and skill ; strokes of humour, personal eulogium on many illustrious and highly gifted individuals of whom this splendid city is justly proud, and a reference truly pathetic to the sublime sentiment of pity for all the sons and daughters of affliction for which Bath stands pre-eminent. The effect was, we may say, painfully heightened by the appearance of five of Mrs. Bailey's

dejected little ones, who, at the termination of the address, were tenderly led forward by Mr. Bellamy, and with lowly bows returned thanks to their protectors.

We need not here repeat what has been so frequently and emphatically insisted on in our columns, that in general nothing more is needful in Bath to stimulate the liberality of its inhabitants than to tell them an authenticated tale of adversity; but when the story of woe comes recommended like the present, no doubt, as we said in our last, could be entertained of the nature of its reception.

The statement was listened to with enthusiasm which told of what were the direful wants and what must be the dismal future condition of young, helpless, friendless, and innocent children, deprived by an untimely death of a father's protection, and by the pressure of misfortune of a mother's superintendence! To the parental heart, especially in the higher ranks of society, the

invitation to pity and relieve appears to have proved irresistible. The reflection could not but occur that nothing less resembled the bright and joyous faces surrounding their own plenteous boards, and occupying their commodious dwellings, than the wobegone group of innocents for whom their compassion and succour were demanded. A vivid fancy is not required to sketch the mournful assemblage, it is as easy to believe as it is melancholy to picture the reverse of all which of right belongs to childhood; the exhilarating laugh, the sportive gambol, "the sunshine of the breast," abundant sustenance, delicate raiment, and, above all, infancy cheered by the tender solicitude of maternal love, and sharing the matchless delights of a peaceful home. Instead of which we are here called upon to think of, to commiserate, and assist to remove, the sighs, and tears, and despondency, of the forlorn and destitute.

Few cases have more forcibly laid claim to public attention ; nor have any been received with more general sympathy.

THE THEATRE.

OUR dramatic campaign concluded last Saturday evening, after what we believe was altogether a prosperous season. We feel persuaded that on the whole it deserved to be so. The terminating week was distinguished by the fine performance of Mr. Macready in the favourite parts of William Tell and Rob Roy; but having already and often discussed Mr. M.'s merits, we need now only observe that we think of him as we have ever done, very highly. He is frequently a great and always an interesting actor; and seems to us to have found the "golden mean" in the dramatic art; that which lies between the too cold and

declamatory, and the coarsely natural style.

During the season the Bath Theatre supplied much variety for the gratification of its visitants, who being likewise on the list of our permanent readers, will not we trust be displeased, if in lieu of criticism, we on this occasion indulge in a very brief reference to transactions in Beaufort Square.

We have there been presented with samples of nearly everything theatric in the pieces brought out: with tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, &c.; with farce, opera, and melodrame; with the graceful dance to fascinate our eyes, and the delights of melody to enthral our ears: while to the well-known talents of our own company were added from time to time those of some of the most applauded performers from the stage of the metropolis. Among these we have had Mathews, Liston, Macready, and Young; Miss Paton, Miss Foote, and Miss Tree;

and if to their exertions we subjoin the remembrance of the numerous plays rendered attractive by the abilities of Bellamy, Woulds, Montague, Ayliffe, &c.; of Mrs. Bailey and the regretted Mrs. Windsor; in short, of all or almost all on the establishment; it must be allowed that the mental banquet set before the Bath public since last November has been such as to please all who are not of appetites peculiarly sickly and fastidious.

It is impossible, and were it otherwise, it would be unjust not to remember the luxuries enjoyed in the course of a season by those who are regular attendants at the theatre. Human nature is wayward; we grow habituated to good as we do to evil, and are too apt in each condition to forget its opposite state. Thus it becomes necessary to remind the frequenter of the Bath Theatre of the multiplied advantages afforded him within its walls; where everything bespeaks a degree of refinement to

which, it may be safely affirmed, our predecessors of former days, even the royal and the noble, were utter strangers. Let us, for instance, collect, as may be done from authors and engravings, what a theatre altogether was, suppose, in the time of Charles II. The pieces exhibited were, generally speaking, either grossly immoral, or disgustingly dull. The acting was, in all probability, on the whole, nothing better than in any provincial theatre at present in being. The costume was invariably preposterous: we possess copper-plates representing Greeks and Romans attired in feathered hats, flowing perukes, and jack-boots; and the virgins and matrons of Egypt and Athens wearing high-heeled shoes, lappets, and farthingales! The rude and motley auditory were squeezed together in a dingy, misshapen tenement (at the commodious hour, too, of one o'clock in the day), illuminated by tallow candles in tin sockets, and infested every five minutes by

visits from the screaming, brazen-faced orange-girl, and the indispensable candle snuffer! The scenes, we have reason to know, were vile tasteless daubings, well suited to a band consisting of three fiddles and a showman's drum. But a tolerably distinct notion of all their theatrical matters may be formed from one well-attested fact: the wiseacres of the times we allude to, not through delicacy, but stupidity, chose to imagine that females could not act in a stage-play—and a rare business it must have been without them! Charles himself was once obliged to wait half an hour before the curtain could rise because Kynnaston, the Queen of the piece, was not yet shaved.

Turn we to Beaufort Square. To scenery worthy of the first masters of the pencil; music, all that music can be supposed; perfect architecture; splendid embellishments; lights to shame the summer's noon; dresses mostly appropriate; order,

civility, cleanliness, courtly accommodation, and a choice of dramatic productions, at which youth and innocence might usually be present, at least without fear, and from which, in many an instance, Wisdom might gather knowledge, and Virtue find excitement. And as to the department of acting, that cannot be thought very defective where even mediocrity is barely endured. Surely we have no right to complain!

We have delivered ourselves of the above with due reserve, and a clear recollection that as every part of anything cannot be the best, some of our evenings at the theatre were, perhaps, not so agreeably employed as others; and that in effect we did occasionally give way to a little peevishness, and were possibly somewhat caustic in the exercise of our critical function. But if against these instances are thrown into the calculation a few of a contrary character, when, instead of bile, good humour was predominant, and we dealt forth encomium

with as large and liberal a hand as censure—a balance may be struck, and our accounts be allowed to pass.

The “*extinctus amabitur idem*” of the Roman satirist at this instant occurs to our minds: the maxim should operate mutually. The doors of the theatre have been shut, and with that event our solemn office has come to an end: let the theatrical world bear record only to our kindly endeavours to do justice to theirs; while we ourselves dwell fondly on “the pleasures of memory,” and are not ungratefully forgetful of the varied and rational enjoyment in which we have shared, and for which we are their debtors.

THE THEATRE.

It has recently more than ever been made a question, whether the exhibitions of the

theatre should, with reference to morals, be esteemed pernicious or salutary; and by certain classes of the people it has been decided that the stage in its effects is not good, nor negative, but positively injurious to society.

This decision has been formed by those who do not or who cannot reflect, and the numbers of these being formidable indeed, their opinions have most detrimentally influenced the interests of theatres in general throughout these countries. That the condemnation of the stage, however, and of those who make it their profession, is in the highest degree unjust and illiberal, might be very easily proved; and it would perhaps be equally practicable to show that still greater injury has been done to the public mind by the opponents of the drama.

The unthinking and wrong-headed among these are ignorant or forgetful of the moral power of the stage and its supporters, and have unwittingly lent their aid to its enemies

of another description—to the self-styled righteous, who are in reality, and with views towards their own advantage, foes to every system by which the human intellect can be enlightened, or the human heart improved.

Let us suppose these two species of anti-theatrical personages, the silly and the designing, occupied in those pursuits which are deemed by them laudable substitutes for play-going. Let us fancy, first, the well-meaning foolish of both sexes engaged, at home or abroad, after their accustomed manner; *i. e.* wasting the precious, the irrevocable hours of life in letting loose all the bad passions of which their imbecilities are capable, at a card assembly, or in what they term conversation, which, as every rational observer knows, signifies calumny without satire, and words without grammar. Or haply they are squatting in a fashionable conventicle, and listening to the whining or bellowing, or both, of some canting sec-

tary, without the education or habits of a gentleman, who instead of understanding "divers tongues," can neither write nor speak his own; who, starting from a counter or a coal-pit, gives himself out as a theologian, and conceives that he has attained in three months, or as many weeks,—in profane and sacred learning, and the rare art of elocution,—a mastery beyond the reach of the regular schooling, intense application, literary taste, and brilliant talents of the prelacy and disciplined priesthood of England! Shall the drama and its charms be vilified and consigned to ruin by such as these?

Of the other division of oppositionists, usually called hypocrites, because our language is poor in vituperative phrases, and affords no epithet strong enough to define them; of these and their ordinary avocations but little needs be said to evince how much less harmfully they might be occupied in witnessing a comedy written even by

Wycherly or Farquahar, than in misleading the sickly and the timid; in producing desperation, madness, and suicide; in making wills for dotards, and terrified criminals, in favour of some crafty individual or knavish *coterie*, and at the cost of the natural heirs and expectants; in cheering up some wretched victim of the laws, who has lived a felon, to believe that howling a namby-pamby hymn at the gallows, sets all to rights, and that because he has been a sinner, he dies a saint; in fomenting domestic dissension, and taking every advantage of the conjugal infidelity or filial rebellion which may ensue! Are these contemptible beings and their affinities, not only with impunity, but triumphantly, to raise the cry of execration against the “mirror of nature,”—against the Stage, for which the prince of poets and moralists, Shakspeare, composed his immortal scenes; which has been graced by the muse of Steele, and Addison, and Thomson; for the adorn-

ment of which, and to advance its noble ends, the wisdom and wit and genius of this unequalled country have been for centuries exerted;—against the Stage, which found its steadiest and kindest patron in George the Good, who, accompanied by his almost austere court and household, was a constant attendant on its delights; the Stage,—dignified by the mimic powers of Garrick, Siddons, Kemble, Young; of Henderson, Edwin, Lewis, and hundreds more, whose “resistless eloquence” has so often been employed on the boards of the Theatre in that best and highest, and, it might be safely said, holiest of all offices, that of “teaching (to use the splendid expression of Johnson) the passions to move at the command of virtue.”

Let us not, with a fickleness unworthy even of childhood, turn with ungrateful loathing, from the goodly lessons afforded us by the Stage, and forget—or remember without veneration—the precepts of the dramatic

poet, enforced by the graceful declamation and suitable action of the performers; precepts which have taught generations fortitude, courage, patriotism, mercy, paternal tenderness, filial piety, charity, chastity, prudence, urbanity, and all the minor proprieties and elegancies of deportment by which existence is endeared to civilized man. Let us not do thus, and be so far immersed in the slough of absurdity as to believe that in so doing—we do wisely and well.

Thoughts like the foregoing suggest themselves especially now, when our own Theatre is about to open for the season; when it is to be hoped that the endeavours of the Managers “to please and to instruct,” will meet with due encouragement, and when, should adequate efforts not be made by those whose duty it is to superintend the amusements of the Theatre, and those who have the Acting department on the Bath Stage, it is also to be hoped that

they will experience from the public Journals such correction as neglect will deserve, and dispassionate criticism can bestow.

I should but lamely support my character of an eccentric, were I to conclude this letter without a little deviation from the humdrum path of regularity: I must therefore be allowed to find a place for a word of observation and a hint. What I would observe is too trite to require any comment; and too true to leave room for dispute: viz. that a taste for the stage is, in England, on the decline; for which six or seven-and-twenty reasons might be assigned, the chief of which it will be sufficient to state: and it is, I humbly conceive, a propensity in the human nature to change its tastes, moral and physical, every hundred years or so. Not to retrograde above four or five ages, you may collect from history, that in the 15th century the taste of this goodly land was strongly in favour of tilts and tournaments, long-pointed

shoes, civil broils, porpoise pies, and beautifyng abbeys.

In the 16th, roasting heretics, large ruffs, breeches stuffed with bran, sonnet and play-writing, had a prodigious run.

In the 17th, intestine dissension, hypocrisy, long faces, long Parliaments, long Prayers, and desperate hard fighting flourished exceedingly. And, from the Restoration till about the middle of the late king's time, *i.e.* for one hundred years more or less, Thespis reigned in Britain. Soon after which period, the stage grew, as I may term it, corrupt: theatres were magnified: show and spectacle banished in part, and in defiance of the struggles of our never-dying Kemble, the regular drama: the people would have, if not something better, something else: *et funambulum postulant*, as the Roman satirist says; nothing then would go down but live elephants, live horses, and sapient dogs; together with the pigmy Roscii and Rosciæ, and *hic genus omne*, which, I understand,

means *Pizarro*, the *Foundling of the Forest*, and so on. At length they got satiated even with these; and the card-party, the conventicle, and the pot-house have been crowded by those who, having deserted the theatre, chose to think that to change their tastes is to mend them.

I announced myself as unlearned; and, indeed, comparatively speaking, so I am; but you must understand, that I imbibed something of a literary character from a Welsh uncle of mine, the Rev. Gam Grouse, vicar of Llandy Dyvel, in Caernarvonshire; and a funny old soul he was! He could speak Welsh and Greek, and I remember he used to say, he was pretty sure he could have spoken English had he practised it. Poor Gam would probably have been a wealthy incumbent, but* for an accidental piece of wagghery; his Bishop, you must know, did not understand a jest, so writing to Gam, and desiring him to state the value of his benefice, the droll Welshman

replied by saying, that his Lordship might make his living a good one, by just adding a mere nothing (0) to his income, which was precisely £15 per annum. As might be expected, old Grouse was left in possession of his annual fifteen pounds,—and his jokes. Some of his learning and his merriment the good man imparted to me; leaving me then to choose my trade, and I did so accordingly, but this brief view of my education will be a reason and an excuse for me, whenever I forget myself, and introduce any literary morsels into my correspondence.

MR. CANNING.

For the Bath Chronicle.

THE disastrous event of Mr. Canning's death had scarcely been announced to an anxious and sympathising public, when the

Journals teemed with encomiums of the illustrious deceased. Most of these are ably written, and may furnish materials for the historian, but nevertheless in themselves are not history; whose pages are sullied as much by partiality as by aspersion, but into which neither passion nor prejudice should be permitted to intrude. The admirers of Mr. Canning have no need to feel alarmed as to the result of an attempt to give a brief, fair, and simple statement of his memorable career as a politician; only, when we allow that he was eminent, let it not be forgotten that he was human.

To the long and splendid roll of characters which adorn the British annals, of those so identified with the interest of their country that without including them the national history would be incomplete, may with justice be added the name of George Canning. Talents exist not only for the period they were created to embellish, but for other men and other times. It would

not be difficult to foresee the opinion which posterity will form of some on whom we of the passing hour have bestowed the epithet of eminent: with regard to Mr. Canning there is but little room for indecision. In an age fertile in the production of important men, he was distinguished for all that ought to constitute reputation; nor can we conceive the lustre of his intellectual renown obscured by comparison with that of any public person past or yet to come. From the commencement to the close of the course he ran, the political condition of Europe, and still more that of Great Britain, has been most portentous.

The records of mankind tell of nothing similar to what it began to be thirty years ago: in its characteristics there was no moderation; for its anomalies no precedent. The language in ordinary use, and by custom employed to describe the situation of state affairs and general feelings, is inadequate, and quite too puny for the subjects of dis-

cussion; the heart of Europe raged with hostility which threatened not battle, but extermination; instead of authorised intrigue and stratagems of requisite policy, the furies took their seats in the Council and the Cabinet; diplomacy was conducted with rancour; blind idolatry was substituted for loyalty; what had been party became faction; and the zeal of opponents resembled more the frenzy of civil war than the ardour of patriotism. The Senate could no longer be viewed as the scene of deliberation, but rather as an arena of surly wrangling and perilous dispute, in which the sensibilities of the gentleman were lacerated, the dignity of office impaired, and the sanctity of friendship violated. Amid circumstances so singular and so awful, George Canning arose, and speedily established his right to take rank with the wits and sages of England who flourished at the beginning of our contest with the French Republic: to have effected this, and secured himself a place in

the Temple of Fame when barely arrived at manhood, implies pretensions far removed from mediocrity. At the early age of four-and-twenty, his eloquence attracted notice and applause in a House of Commons accustomed to witness the gigantic efforts of those mighty masters, Burke, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan. With the last-named transcendent orator he was connected by kindred, and to his penetration was indebted for an introduction into circles of refinement and literature.

But, contrary to what has been often asserted and believed, Mr. Canning was from his entrance on the stage of public life, left free to choose the part he was to act; and does not deserve that the slightest reflection should be cast on him for ingratitude to his patrons, or unsteadiness of principle. As a parliamentary speaker he fleshed the maiden sword of his eloquence in combat with no less an antagonist than Charles Fox. Adopting both the style and senti-

ments of Burke, and ranging himself at once under the banner of the Minister, he declared himself a friend to the measure of war, for which Pitt evinced the utmost eagerness: and was in consequence ultimately appointed joint Secretary of State during the Grenville administration. Burke, as it has been observed, seemed always to toil for future celebrity; in this respect Canning was particularly unlike him; he exerted his talents for immediate effect, and seized upon the current topic of the day for his declamation. Agreeably to this his constant practice, we find him manfully opposing the continuance of the African slave trade; the strenuous, honest advocate of the Catholic claims; vituperating, as an implacable foe, the first consul of France, in parliament; and taking more than a proportionate share in the labours of the editor of "The Anti-Jacobin." In this, and in other instances, he called in to his assistance his abundant wit, his extensive erudition, and no

ordinary talent for poetry ; and made the muses instrumental in punishing his political adversaries. His further recompense as a consistent and paramount supporter of ministry was the situation of treasurer of the navy, and a seat at the council board, in 1813. And, in three years more, when the Whig ministry was dissolved, he obtained the lofty station of Secretary of Foreign Affairs. His state papers while in this high office will, as long as the language lasts, be deemed almost matchless specimens of diplomatic ability.

In their composition he was cheered by the consciousness of meeting the general opinion. But, when this deserted him ; when he did not stand well with the tribunal in his own bosom, his powers were enfeebled, and his pen played him false, as on the occasion of his "letter" relative to his quarrel and duel with Lord Castlereagh. In this production he argues with

manifest timidity ; and, unlike himself in other instances, is frequently prolix and perplexed, and fails to persuade his readers of what he must have doubted himself, that the whole of his conduct towards Lord C. had been candid and dignified. Though his sophistry might be unavailing, his personal courage was prompt and chivalric: he accepted the challenge of the noble Lord with more ardour for the field than was consistent with the gravity of a statesman, or necessary in one whose behaviour was totally above suspicion. His embassy to Lisbon in 1814, exposed him to the reproaches of Sir Francis Burdett, by whom he was upbraided for having sought emolument at the public cost. The acknowledged virtues, accomplishments, and rare faculties of his accuser, were too much for Mr. Canning; his importance, pending the debate, was diminished by personality, and his defence was peevish rather than formidable. He shared, in short, in the

frailty of our common nature ; but his chief foible was unluckily one for which allowances are seldom made : he showed himself, when actuated by the violence of party vehemence, merciless towards the failings of others, and had at command a smile and a sneer for the anguish of a defeated enemy ; yet no man writhed with more acute sensations of mental pain than he did under the lash of the resentment he provoked. His dexterity, his readiness of thought, and the native fierceness of his spirit were, however, still within reach to rescue him from obloquy : he might have been disliked where he was feared, but it was not in the power of any man, or set of men, not to respect him.

Much indeed of the acrimony of his political disposition, so conspicuous in the earlier periods of his parliamentary life, seems of late to have subsided ; or, indeed, to have been exchanged for a suavity of deportment that was found, by all parties, irresistibly

engaging: his popularity equalled, if it did not exceed that of any Minister remembered, and augmented to the last day of his appearance in the house; so that the stroke of fate which deprived the nation of his services, has been rendered doubly severe to those who regarded him as one peculiarly calculated by nature, education, and experience, to encounter and partially subdue the host of approaching embarrassments.

The term greatness, we have seen, is comparative: had Alexander of Macedon lived in the civilized days of Rome and Cæsar, he would have been esteemed as little better than a brilliant barbarian. Justly to appreciate Mr. Canning's claims to admiration, we must call to memory those of the men with whom he has acted. With faculties, generally speaking, not much inferior to Edmund Burke, he was less metaphysical, and less of a rhetorician. With a mind by no means so masculine as that of Fox, his sentences, whether in writing or

speaking, were almost always as perspicuous, and at the same time much more harmonious, and richer in the graces of classical allusion. Scarcely beneath Pitt in the management of argument, and in the art of reply, he was above him in that of appealing to the passions of his hearers. Between him and Sheridan there might not have been equality, but there was strong similitude; he had neither his wit nor his enviable command of temper, but he was infinitely superior to him in the qualification of learning. Like Sheridan, in the formation of his prepared speeches, he was indefatigably laborious, and they are consequently often too artificial; yet they invariably procured him that influence in debate, of which he was rationally ambitious.

If to the above candid, though desultory, review be subjoined the undisputed facts of Mr. Canning's private respectability, and of his exemplary performance of the duties of son, husband, father, and friend, the title

of great will assuredly be conferred on him by the unanimous consent of his country.

INSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—One of the Bath papers states that Walcot Church is being repainted, &c. It occurs to me that this would be a good opportunity of placing a rational inscription on the front of the church, in lieu of one which at present appears there on a small tablet let into the wall of that sacred edifice. By it we are informed that—in such a year—“This Church was Rebuilt,” and so forth. Now, the Church of Walcot parish might have been rebuilt (which it was); or, the old church might have been pulled down, and a new church constructed on its site; but that the new church could be rebuilt,

I beg leave to deny. An assertion containing falsehood and absurdity should not be found in connexion with the temple of truth!

I am, Sir, &c.

Sept., 1846.

SCOTT'S IVANHOE.

To the Editor of the Bath Chronicle.

SIR,—I beg leave, through the medium of your *Chronicle*, to state, to such of your readers as are fond of inquiry into the *minutiæ* of literature, a circumstance, to me extraordinary, and indeed inexplicable. I am in possession of a copy of Sir Walter Scott's celebrated romance of *Ivanhoe*, Edinburgh, 1820, distinguished from all other copies of the work which have fallen under my observation, by this singular fact. In

that portion of the admirable volumes alluded to, where the author refers to the meditations of the disinherited Knight, after his heroic deportment in the recent tournament, and where he is said to be perplexed by feelings "peculiarly agitating and painful," the ensuing paragraph should proceed as in other copies and editions, with the words, "we must now change the scene to the village of Ashby," &c. Instead of, and preceding which, appears the following picture of a summer night, unnoticed, as far as I can discover, by any of Sir Walter's editors and admirers, who are, we know, one and the same. I transcribe the page, which will speak for itself; and am,

Sir, yours, &c.

"He fell back, absorbed in reflection, and sunk down upon the gnarled and knotty stump of a huge and antique oak, hewn into somewhat of the shape of a great chair, occupying the centre of his tent, and commanding in front, a wide and nearly unbounded view of scenery, if such we may term it, wherein every object was rendered dim and grey by the coming darkness.

"The vista was one of inimitable grandeur, springing from an assemblage of all those delicious features of English Nature especially, which seem expressly designed to touch the human heart with tenderness, to lift up the soul, and make man not only meditate on the beneficence and majesty of the Supreme, with gratitude and awe; but teach him to venerate *himself*, to scorn the low appetites and grovelling passions, excited by "garish day," and the uproar of "this burly world," and to feel more strongly his claim to an immortal destiny. Who is there, who on looking forth in the calm and breathless evening of a sultry day, has not thus felt?

"Not a breeze stirred the luxuriant foliage of some towering elms surrounding the pavilion: a perspective of soft hill and valley terminated in a scarcely perceptible forest-outline, behind which the sun had recently set amid clouds of gold, leaving long streaks of saffron, azure, and crimson. While, in the opposite region of the heavens, from a recess of fleecy silver peered the moon, hastening to assume her sovereignty as, what the poet of sublimity has called her, "the apparent Queen of Night." All, including the neighbourhood of the Lists, which but a few hours before had been pressed by multitudes of the proud, the potent, the gay, the beautiful, and the brave, was now a tranquil—and would have been—a voiceless desert, but for the melody of a rivulet; and as yet, the solemnity of the sky was barely interrupted by, here and there, the gem-like sparkling of a star."

Thursday, September 26, 1833.

BUONAPARTE.



To the Editor of the Bath Chronicle.

SIR,—“The Life of Napoleon,” by Sir Walter Scott, is a subject which at present engages the public attention. I have not read the nine volumes of which it consists, nor even one of them; but have formed my judgment, like many others, from a copious article in the Literary Gazette of Saturday June 30. And perhaps from portions of this publication, so exhibited, a reader may be very well qualified to decide on the author's powers both of reasoning and composition.

The conductor of the Literary Journal referred to has not, according to my opinion, done his duty to the public. He insinuates in different places his strong approbation of the *manner* in which Sir W. S. has executed his undertaking, as well as of the *matter* introduced; since the reader of the “Gazette”

is supposed to have before him such extracts as are calculated to do credit to the author. But let us carefully examine one paragraph, selected, we may conclude, for its merit, because accompanied by this note of editorial admiration: ["a deserved and noble compliment."]

The passage is as follows:—

"Having, therefore, attained the summit of human power, he proceeds, advisedly and deliberately, to lay the foundation of his throne on that democratic principle which had opened his own career and which was the throwing open to merit, though without further title, the road to success in every department of the state. This was the secret key of Napoleon's policy; and he was so well aided in his use of it, by acute perception of character, as well as by good-nature and good feeling (both of which, in his cooler moments, he possessed), that he never, through all his vicissitudes, lost an opportunity of conciliating and pleasing the

multitude, by evincing a well-timed attention to distinguish and reward talent. To this his conversation perpetually alluded; and for this he claims, and is entitled to, the highest praise. We have little hesitation in repeating, that it was this opening a full career to talent of every kind, which was the key-stone of his reputation, and the main foundation of his power."

This, at first, reads like something supremely fine in the art of composition: whether it be such or not an inquiry will show. In the exordial sentence, Napoleon is figuratively placed on the summit of a mountain; which summit signifies that elevation on which he is to be seated in repose. It therefore means his Imperial Throne, and can mean nothing else. But being thus seated, he proceeds to lay the foundation of that on which he already sits! A democratic principle is then, by figure, applied to—do what? To open his own career; *i. e.*, as we conjecture, the door or gate

from which his career is to commence : and this is effected by throwing open a road, not to every department, which might be admitted, but to success, which not being figurative, demolishes the metaphor. This opening next becomes a key; but there the metaphorical idea is again forsaken; a key to his policy; and in using which key he is aided by acute perception, &c. Presently the key (which is explained to signify the opening of a full career), is turned into a key-stone (of the arch of his) reputation; and because a key has not enough to do in playing the part of a key-stone, it is employed likewise as the foundation of (the edifice) power. Is this fine writing?

Allow me a few words more on the subject. Sir Walter Scott deals largely in phrases implying much unseemly heedlessness, an incorrect ear, and some ignorance of grammatical construction. He has "famine and sickness were not *long* of visiting an army," &c., "and establishing a

monarchy of which he destined himself to be the *monarch*;" "*expressions which expressed*," &c.

Another passage will strike the reader as a strange instance of want of care: "the affectation which pervades *Sterne's* peculiar style of composition was not likely to be simplified under the pen of Buonaparte. *Sterne's* times were fast approaching." The biographer did not intend the silliness of a jingle here, but his ear is false.

In the following surprising expressions, it is not easy to determine on whom the blame should light; whether on author, editor, or pressman: I transcribe faithfully from the column in the "*Literary Gazette*" where the passage appears:

"Upon one occasion the Emperor found in company of Josephine a certain milliner of high reputation and equal expense, *with whom he had discharged his wife to have any dealings.*"

That in some essential points, Sir. W. S.

has treated his subject unfairly, might be shown convincingly and at large; but I have already trespassed too much, and shall but briefly notice his most iniquitous insinuation against Napoleon as the murderer of Pichegru and Wright, and the unpardonable sentence in which he maligns him for putting the Duke D'Enghien to death; an act much more akin to humanity, and more the result of state necessity, than, for example, the bloody assassination of Admiral Byng—or the persecution of the illustrious Lord Cochrane.

I am, Sir, &c.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

SIR,—I take leave to offer you, in plain and what you will probably think coarse terms, a few observations which have suggested themselves to me during a somewhat

irregular perusal of your lately published work, which you are pleased to call "the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," but the proper title of which should have been "a crude history of modern European transactions;" your book being no more a life of Napoleon, than Cæsar's Commentaries are the life of the Dictator who wrote them. I beg not to be misconceived as instituting any comparison between the immortal story of the Gallic War, and your performance; which, contrasted with the record of the accomplished Roman, is indeed a very poor production. You are nevertheless a man of talents: and of this, even the work in question affords various proofs; but it also exhibits at least as many of carelessness, which is an offence to the public; of gross misstatement, in violation of good morals; and of prejudice, ignorance and incapacity of which, if the author is not yet ashamed, he will be hereafter, and his friends already are. When I last touched

on the subject of your "Life of Napoleon," in a newspaper article, I enlarged sufficiently for my own views on the impurities of your style; I did so, because that style is yours. Your numberless Novels have obtained you much of what all agree to be popularity; and of what you and your admirers consider to be reputation: it therefore became necessary to show where you were defective in the art of English composition, to prevent the young and inexperienced from copying as models of style, the absurd and perverse idiom in which you constantly indulge. My present purpose is to arraign you on a point of more awful import than style. That which you commonly use may for anything I know, be suitable to Novel-writing, and the tastes of those who relish such prolix fooleries; but is beneath the solemn dignity of History. Skilfully to wield the Historian's pen, a man should have more boldness, much more candour, and greater powers of mind than the author of

Waverley possesses. But to proceed to my charge, I accuse you of having committed one of the few offences against decency and truth, for which no atonement can be made. In the 6th volume, page 11, of the "Life, &c.," when speaking of a General of the British forces on foreign service, you name the individual, and add, "This person proved both fool and coward."

The object of this passage is apparently to cultivate the good-will, and meet the presumed feelings of the powers that be, by maligning a fallen man, and doing this because it may be done with safety. But you have thereby involved yourself in difficulties, of which, it is possible, you are not fully aware. Fool and coward are not only unqualified epithets, applied as you apply them, but are beyond the reach of qualification. If they mean less than they imply they should not have been employed, if not, he who uses them in detriment to the character of a fellow-citizen in a free

country ought both to tell truth—and show that his charge is supported by incontrovertible evidence. This you cannot do, and are therefore guilty of deliberate slander against the individual and his country. If the chieftain referred to was not literally a fool, you have asserted that which is false; if he was, you have slandered the Government which must have consisted of fools likewise, to have authorized his military advancement originally, and finally entrusted to a fool the conduct of an army and the honour of a mighty people. You mean either to insinuate this, or, that the members of administration were corrupt men, and traitors to the common weal! The scurrility with which you have affixed another stigma to the character of the British Commander, renders you liable to an accusation of having carelessly, wantonly, or designedly (they are acts of equal delinquency), uttered a foul libel on the honourable court by which the general was tried, and

explicitly acquitted of the contemptible infirmity with which you have thought proper to upbraid him.

Having already encroached on the complaisance of the Editor, I hasten to conclude. I have been perhaps too serious on this occasion, as it might have occurred to me that "the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," little read by our contemporaries, will, in all human probability, be totally unknown to the dread tribunal of Posterity; the *malus animus* however on your part is evident, and is that which constitutes the crime.

I anticipate all the language of subterfuge and equivocation which may be brought forward to explain away the opprobrious words, satisfied that I can reply to it; yet I wish it to be distinctly understood that I have not the slightest personal acquaintance with the gentleman in whose vindication I write, nor any private sentiment of hostility towards his

calumniator; but that I am, as every honest man is, the foe of slanderous misrepresentation, and the advocate of decorum, veracity, and justice.

Sept. 29, 1827.

ON ANGLING.

LORD BYRON, *versus* ISAAC WALTON

IN one of the Cantos of Don Juan, just published, are these lines :—

“ And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says :
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it,”

with the following note :—

“ It would have taught him humanity, at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is the mode to quote (amongst the novelists), to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up

frogs' mouths and break their legs, by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling, the cruelest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the stream, and a single bite is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Beside, some fish bite most on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery, have somewhat of the noble and perilous in them; even net fishery, trawling, &c., are more humane and useful — but angling! No angler can be a good man."

LETTER TO LORD BYRON.

MY LORD,—You know that in one of the last published cantos of your *Don Juan* there are the following lines:—

“ And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says ;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

And a note from your Lordship against the pastime of fly-fishing, &c., which ends with an assertion that “ no angler can be a good man.”

You are not, I conceive, much accustomed to be noticed by the public press in such terms as I shall employ on the present occasion. I shall not, in short, treat you with compliment, politeness, or clemency.

What you have sung on the subject of angling, is morally false, and poetically clumsy; your rhymes are bad, and your precept is silly and brutal. Unless it can be shown that your Lordship is a wise and good man, and that Sir Henry Wotton and Isaac Walton were foolish and vicious, I shall continue to believe that what you assert at the conclusion of your note, is not true ; and very small as I

esteem your portion of common sense to be, I also believe that when you made the assertion quoted above, you *knew* it to be false. You call angling, in your verses, a solitary vice. Passing by the wit of this epithet (for which, however, you are indebted to the *quack*-doctors' handbills), I have to inform or remind you, that in his beauteous work on Angling—a work endowed with more vitality than any of yours—Isaac Walton supposes his enjoyment of fishing to be shared with a companion, and heightened by the circumstance of fellowship.

You term Walton quaint, old, cruel, and coxcomb. His quaintness may be disputed. His was the age of Milton and Selden, and he is not more quaint than they are; but simplicity passes for quaintness with persons of vitiated tastes. Old he was, but, I conjecture, not always; and when old, he was what immoral men who live to old age never are—he was venerable and be-

loved. Isaac Walton understood fishing better than you understand anything. Coxcomb! of coxcombs there are various kinds. Walton and your Lordship are both coxcombs, but not exactly of the same class ; he prided himself on being a good citizen, modest, humble, harmless, pious, grateful to the God he acknowledged, and tenderly fond of the land of his forefathers.

There are many books, my Lord, of which you know very little ; but there is *one* of the contents of which you know nothing. In the volume alluded to, it is observable, though it says nothing of angling, that it enlarges favourably on fishing and fishermen. This Book was the rule of life to Isaac Walton ; and although it countenances fishing, it does not, that I remember, enjoin those who study it to write and sell lampoons, and impure and blasphemous verses ; to quarrel with nearly all the respectable of both sexes, and with everything good and fair in his native country, and desert-

poor; each being vitally necessary to the welfare of the other. But the extremes of both are insufferable; they are disgraceful to a Christian community and a free state; and will according to the general course of human affairs, if the evils adverted to be not remedied, end, at no distant day, in disaster too terrible to be contemplated. In the "Appendix to a Report of the Commissioners lately presented by Her Majesty's command to the Houses of Parliament," a mass of evidence is brought forward attesting the degradation and sufferings of children and adults in the northern coal-mines. In the various disclosures made by the witnesses examined, are included items to this effect: children of seven and eight years old appointed to pull open with cords the doors of what are termed gates, seated for the purpose, in confined, dark holes adjoining; or toiling to push the cases filled with coal; while with unskinned backs, wrenched limbs, and craving stomachs, the

poor little creatures are incarcerated for twenty-four, and even thirty-six hours, in loneliness, damp, and darkness. Young women, grown to maturity, state their occupation, in the low and narrow drains of the coal-pits; to be that of pushing or dragging the vessels laden with the mineral, nearly naked, wearing an iron chain round their waists, and, not having room to stand up, crawling on all fours; beaten with the brutal fists or bludgeons of the overseers to hasten them in their labours; their heads rendered bald and sore by the nature of their woeful calling; exposed to ribaldry and insult, as well as bodily injury; chilled by cold rains falling from the roof, where it opens over their hellish prison—and shedding the while the unregarded tear of hopeless anguish! The detail is quite too horrible to pursue; but, here we see what avarice and hard hearts can do—and will continue to do, as long as avarice and hard hearts are allowed to act as they please.

Take a sketch of a rather different scene;—suppose in Grosvenor Square, or any other splendid quarter of the capital. Lady—— gambles, or waltzes, or does worse till two o'clock in the morning; rolls homeward in a vehicle lined with satin and velvet; doffs her gauzes and her gems; sleeps on a bed of down; wakes after mid-day; has her costly raiment put on by obsequious attendants; eats at a breakfast table groaning beneath a weight of luxuries; yawns over a novel or the daily news; writes nonsense on scented paper; rides forth in her finest attire, and gayest equipage, to pay frivolous visits to some such miscreants as herself; and dines in a gorgeous hall amid eastern odours, and the lustre of lamps and jewels and gold. And then—*da capo*—the waltz, the green card-table, &c. The child of her species fares, after its kind, much as the soft lady above commemorated; has its every want and wish forestalled; is educated to thank heaven that she was born to

enjoy twenty thousand pounds per annum, and to wear a coronet; to think of nothing but expending her wealth; taught never to forget that alms-giving, in this religious nation, acquires celebrity, and needs cost but little; and that the children of the indigent were intended by a benevolent Providence to be beaten, distorted and starved, and to weep and perish in coal-pits.

Is it unreasonable to ask if the delicate female of the waltz and the perfumes should not do rather more of the useful, during her day of life,—and the wretch of the cavern somewhat less?

May 17th, 1842.

BATH—BATH!

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Although I now scarcely know the place, I was, in other days, well acquainted

with Bath, and can recollect that some of the happiest years of my life were enjoyed within its precincts. Having long resided in a distant part of the world, my first resolution, on lately returning to Britain, was to revisit this gay, unceremonious town, relax my mind, and share again in the delights with which it once abounded. I was, indeed, aware that I should have to encounter the pain of regret for many a former friend removed in the course of nature from this sublunary sphere during my absence, but trusted that I should find a few of them still sauntering about, and counted on getting up a new list of pleasant companions without difficulty. It may be as well to confess, by way of episode, that I am ludicrously old fashioned in all my tastes, and that I shrink from innovations of every kind, though they should be innovations for the better. To give you an instance in point : I positively felt vexed, as it were, at the smoothness

and cannon-ball speed with which myself and my portmanteau were last week shot off from London to a lodging on the South-parade. There, nevertheless, I was and am located, and am trying all I can not to bewail the loss, on my journey, of my eggs and coffee at Salt Hill, and my veal cutlet at Marlborough; the sweet sound of "Now, gentlemen, if you please," and the sight of Major Marsac's house, the lame ostlers at inn doors, and the white horse, the grey wethers, &c. ! The morning after my arrival, my first stroll was, naturally, to the pump-room, the changes in which startled me not a little. They are improvements, no doubt, but as usual, my hatred of changes came over me, and I was annoyed, not gratified, by the alterations introduced into that splendid hall; and, among these, by finding there, in place of sundry charming young ladies of flesh and blood, with plenty of clothes upon them, three or four statuary nymphs, with hardly any! By

and by, as I lounged through the Abbey Churchyard, I met an old comrade of mine, and questioning him as to the fates and fortunes of some whom we both had known, how greatly was I astonished at his replies! In short, our conversation brought the secret out, and with anguish I learned that as my friend expressed himself, "the whole city was changed, and had fallen by the ears—owing to politics." It seems that your good people are divided into two contending factions, styled Conservatives and Liberals. My friend being one of the first named body, had not a civil word for his opponents; nor, as I afterwards perceived, had they for their Tory foes. I hear nothing, on all sides, but the language of virulence and acrimony. Mr. White, the Liberal, will not speak to his own kinsman, Mr. Brown, the Conservative; and a sickly Tory peer has absolutely fallen out with his favourite physician for recommending a medicine likely to effect (as he told his

lordship), a *radical* cure; my lord declaring that he would rather suffer the torture of aristocratic chalk-stones, than be so relieved. Thus it is that the spirit of party rages where the spirit of giving a party, or going to one, once prevailed; and in the mean time, poor, dear Bath is sacrificed!

Pray, Mr. Editor, exert your talents and influence to recall the worthies concerned to their right wits, and do your very best to re-establish in this, our loved and beautiful city, UNITY, PEACE, and CONCORD.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Should the state of public affairs, &c., allow of sufficient room in your paper, be so good as to insert the following. It professes to be an attempt, however incomplete, to form a scale of national character,

in which my failures may, perhaps, afford a hint for alterations and improvements to some correspondent of more ability than your humble servant.

	Intellect.	Attainments.	Religious feeling.	Courage.	Probity.	Manners.	Temperance.	Taste.	Personal appearance.	Cleanliness.
English.. ...	16	17	11	20	17	3	3	3	19	19
Scots	18	18	20	20	15	14	8	2	17	6
Irish	13	2	18	20	1	14	1	1	18	1
Italians	20	19	20	15	2	19	20	19	20	2
French	18	18	8	19	16	20	20	10	17	3
Swiss... ..	14	12	20	20	20	18	20	12	18	18
Spaniards	14	5	14	15	15	16	20	9	13	2
Portuguese	15	2	14	18	16	15	19	5	6	1
Russians.... ..	15	8	19	19	18	14	11	6	10	5
Germans	18	18	20	19	19	14	7	5	14	11
Danes & Swedes	17	8	20	20	20	10	10	4	16	12
Dutch	18	17	19	18	20	7	15	4	14	20
Turks	16	4	20	20	19	17	18	4	18	9
Americans, U.S	16	15	13	17	1	0	2	1	18	14

FASHIONABLES AND UNFASHIONABLES.

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To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—As a constant reader, and an admirer of the *Bath Herald*, I observe that you regularly insert a list of Fashionable arrivals, no doubt highly to the gratification of the parties concerned as well as to that of the public. Your list, however, has given birth to a thought which I venture to communicate, with a hope that it may meet with your approbation; and that, taking the hint, you will henceforward occasionally introduce into your widely circulated paper a list of those whom, for want of a better phrase, I must term Unfashionables, accompanied by suitable remarks; in the formation of which record I will gladly assist to the best of my humble abilities. That arrivals such as I allude to do take place each season, and make a deep impression on the

state of society here, all who walk or ride through the streets and suburbs of this our beauteous city, must be convinced.

A slight reference to a few facts would be sufficient to confirm the truth of my assertion. There is scarcely a corner in any of the leading avenues, or a footway in the outlets of Bath, without its sample of the arrivals in question; yet, while forced to admit that they are inconveniently numerous it is but justice to observe, that so far from assuming any consequential airs, and announcing themselves as influential individuals and favourites of fortune, they carefully do the reverse, representing themselves as ground down by poverty, despised as outcasts, and the victims of every variety of bodily disease. Nevertheless, two or three of these martyrs, who aver that they were born lame and stone-blind, are, every now and then, observed to run away with amazing activity on the appearance of a policeman. Four or five orphans, not

only without father and mother, but who declare that they never had either, have been tracked to their earth in Avon-street, whence they had been detached by their parents to pick up a livelihood by stealing cats and lap-dogs. Two gentlemen having neither shoes nor stockings, and possessing but one shirt and half a pair of breeches between them, and professing themselves to be shipwrecked mariners, have been regular arrivers in Bath every winter for several years past !

But enough of this class of pestilent impostors—and to be very serious—the above and literally hundreds more of such pretenders, annually extract, in pence and halfpence, from the pockets of the soft-hearted and soft-headed, a sum considerably above one thousand pounds sterling (I state this advisedly), which had better be bestowed on the honest poor and helpless, and in augmenting the funds of the admirable Hospitals, and other liberal establishments

of Bath. At some future time I may trouble you with more on the truly weighty and formidable subject of this letter, meanwhile,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

February 10th, 1846.

MISS AIKIN'S LIFE OF ADDISON.

To John Bull.

SIR,—In the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* appears a life of Addison, thrown off as it were in contrast with Lucy Aikin's work on the same subject. Conceiving that the smallest portion of simple truth is of more value than the largest imaginable quantity of flim-flam, I take leave to say that the essay in the *Review* exhibits, on the writer's part, an immensity of self-satisfaction, nearly as much pedantry, some adroitness, and scarcely any courtesy. It is a very inferior per-

formance, in the essentials of style, faithful narration, and critical acumen, to Johnson's, in whose steps the author treads; and, indeed, after Johnson's, it was uncalled-for. But it answers a double purpose to the northern periodical; that of disparaging the labours of the fair biographer—and making out an article for the editor of the *Review*! The artificer tries to

“Damn with faint praise,”

and has arraigned the gifted lady for a few trivial errors; while, with somewhat worse than disingenuousness, he withholds the applause he must have known to be her due, for a highly graceful and entertaining view of the character she undertook to delineate.

Her clever volumes have, however, vitality in their pages, and will hold a place in public esteem, when the *Review* will be discovered only where it has been for several years—in one of the dipping tubs near

Holborn, or, haply, on its road to the baker's oven.

As the *John Bull* is in no danger of any such dismal fate, it would afford me and divers of my friends much gratification to read this letter in one of your columns.

I am, Sir, &c.

Bath, Aug. 16, 1843.

DUELLING.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—In your last number of the *Herald* appeared some very judicious and humane observations on the subject of duelling; but it strikes me that the author, like many others who have recently discussed the question, has not examined it in all its bearings. The exertions of the newly formed Association for discountenancing the barbarous practice of duelling,

may, and I most sincerely hope will—do much to reduce the list of cases in which duelling has heretofore occurred, but will never, I conceive, succeed in altogether putting an end to it; nor perhaps in the prevailing state of manners, would complete success on the part of the Association be desirable. It is not difficult to imagine circumstances in which some of the parties concerned are forced into duels; and the sort of duel to which I refer would happen one hundred times more frequently than it does, did not the fear of being “called out” operate to subdue the tempers of men in society. This fear would not, indeed, influence the wise and the brave; but that is not a definition of those who despise and violate the decencies of life; on their opposites fear does act potently, and therefore were the apprehension of fighting removed from their contemptible minds, society would by such be thrown into perpetual turmoil. If all men were at

all times virtuous in their motives and discreet in their deportment, it would be superfluous to prohibit duelling; our pulpits might be nearly silent, and our statute-books lie unopened. Christianity is, we know, most emphatically described as the religion of peace, gentleness, long-suffering, and brotherly love. I venture to add that it should also be styled the religion of good breeding, it being impossible for any one to neglect in the slightest degree the code of politeness, and at the same moment conform strictly to the precepts of Christianity. But, since it is not in the power of the Association, nor of all the laws of the realm to make every man in her Majesty's dominions a practical Christian (though, would to God it were!) the dread of personal danger, and only that will keep the base in order, and partially protect the respectable classes.

Suppose an honourable female maligned by a villain, or a deformed and diminutive man personally maltreated by an athletic

ruffian, both offenders being, next to a certainty, cowards. The fear of being challenged to single combat might have restrained them, which no other fear could have done; for, in the event of receiving bodily chastisement, the law would avenge not punish them! I may be told that the laws would redress those whom they had injured. But law could be had recourse to only at the cost of additional offence to the sensibilities of the sufferers, by compelling a virtuous young lady to prove in open Court that she is not abandoned in morals and conduct; and a feeble gentleman to plead the infirmity of his frame as a reason for flying for refuge to the attorney and the barrister.

The duel, be it remembered, was not devised to intimidate the good, but the worthless, and on them the dread of it assuredly operates most extensively; but, take away this dread from the slanderer, and the swaggering bully; and in social circles such mis-

creants abound; and the time of the community would, no doubt, be chiefly occupied with indictments and cases of assault.

The writer deeply deplores the necessity of making the above acknowledgment, at variance as it seemingly is with his profound and openly declared abhorrence of the worse than brutal practice of duelling. But, to repeat what has been already advanced, a total abolition of the fear of the pistol in controlling the ill-tempered, the vulgar and the vicious, cannot be effected until such a restraint would be needless; that is, until the meek spirit of Christianity shall be the universally governing principle of human conduct in these nations.

I am, Sir, &c.

July 24, 1843.

A DUBLIN GHOST.

The Bath Herald.

“THE *Globe*, London journal, says:—‘Our Dublin contemporary ought to give the names of the parties in this supposed supernatural affair; else the public will suppose it a hoax of his own concocting.’

“Horace very shrewdly says—

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,

and surely this is a case in which he would have positively refused the interposition of the supernatural. We have sometimes read of dreams and apparitions which have led to the detection of the secret murderer, but to make a poor corpse burst its cerements and reappear—a sheeted gibbering ghost—to freeze the blood of shuddering mortals, for a debt of 7s. 3d., some part of which was actually forgotten by the creditors, savours wholly and exclusively of those stories which

are classed under the title of “a cock and a bull.”—ED. B. H.]

To the above narrative we append the following, from a Bath correspondent:—

A REAL GHOST.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

“SIR,—I scarcely expect that the following narrative of what is, nevertheless, in the strictest sense of the word, a fact, will gain belief either from you or your readers. Yet, conceiving the particulars too singular to be altogether overlooked, I request the favour of your inserting my statement in your paper, and thereby allowing it a chance of being credited, and possibly, remembered hereafter by such as are interested in matters of the kind. The occurrence to which I allude, took place some years ago in a large, old-fashioned mansion in the suburbs of this city, but which I cannot venture to describe more minutely through fear of hurting the sensibilities of respectable indi-

viduals connected with the former occupants, by attracting public attention to their domestic concerns.

“For a succession of weeks, then, and often late at night, the lady of the house, her children of different ages, and her servants, after all had retired to their sleeping-rooms, were incredibly distressed and alarmed by noises on the stairs, and in an attic, resembling the heavy trampling of hoofs, and the rustling and rubbing of a body against the wainscot, accompanied frequently by sounds of groaning or grunting, which augmented the terror of the watchers to such a degree, that not one of them had sufficient presence of mind to do what in their situation was most natural; namely, rush forth, and try to ascertain the cause of the awful disturbance. I should observe that the lady was a widow, and had a son grown up, who, though not resident in the family, was repeatedly on a visit with his mother and sisters, and that whenever

this young gentleman was at home for the evening, all was quiet in the house. The young man, it should be noticed, though in the main pretty well conducted, was not distinguished for talents or agreeable qualities. He was habitually taciturn, and heavy in his manner of behaviour; slow and sluggish in his movements, and fond of lying long a-bed. His eyes were large and dull, and his face coarse, sullen, and high-coloured. These remarks may be thought irrelevant, but will be found to be important in the story now to be related. He had, it appears, a custom by no means uncommon, but always provoking to others, and the sure mark of a stupid mind, or a treacherous disposition, and this was—his constantly staring with an unimpassioned countenance, and preserving perfect silence, when anything was told to him which was calculated to excite the attention and agitate the feelings of the generality of people. He, accordingly, received the account given to

him by his family, of the noises, rustling, &c., with characteristic apathy. At last one night when the ghostly bouncings and moanings were going on, his mother and elder sister came, at the same moment out of their sleeping apartments, with lighted candles in their hands, and saw, though indistinctly, a sight which filled them with inexpressible consternation—a hideous form, slowly entering the room at the top of the staircase. It was something above the ordinary human size; the body covered with wool, the extremities exhibiting a sort of skinny substance; the head dark and glossy, but the face or snout was concealed, while flames of fire appeared to issue from the region of the breast and entrails! It speedily became invisible, but strange sounds for some time after rung in their ears, and banished not only sleep, but quiet from their minds, and indeed from all the rest of the appalled household. The above, however incomplete, is the best description (in

which both mother and daughter agreed), which it is in my power to supply of the unaccountable and unearthly being they had beheld.

“ The sufferers next day consulted the clergyman of their parish, and implored him to give his opinion and advice in an affair of such difficulty; and this he did readily. But, though a man of great worth and extensive learning, he was not without his share of human foibles; and among these was a propensity to jesting. He therefore assured the inquirers that he had solved the mystery, and that the apparition was neither more nor less than Mr. Nicholas (the son's name), carrying a lamp, and staggering and stumbling up stairs to bed, when exceedingly tipsy, which he regularly was on Club-nights.

I am, Sir, yours.

Bath, July 23th, 1841.

MORAL MAXIMS.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Your constant readiness to contribute to the advancement of morality and public good, induces me to request a place in your paper for a few short precepts which I have thrown together, in the hope of exciting more attention than is often bestowed on an elaborate and formal treatise.

The following are offered merely as samples of a copious store, which shall be at your service on a future occasion: meanwhile, the important and solemn object in view, that of refining our social condition, will, I trust, serve to excuse anything trite or defective on the part of,

Sir, yours.

November 29, 1842.

Get as much wealth as you can; no matter how;—but get it.
Keep low company, and always, if possible, with those who

are worse than yourself: this elevates a person in his own esteem.

Let all your virtues, especially your sanctity, be as conspicuous as you can contrive to make them.

Never pay ready money.

Never discharge a debt.

Never read, it injures the eyes.

Use neither hot nor cold water for cleanliness; dry rubbing is preferable.

Never attend to argument, but adhere to your own opinion.

Horsewhip your children from time to time: the practice promotes domestic happiness.

Change all your old friends for new ones.

Talk scandal: it preserves the peace of a neighbourhood.

Deride the unfortunate.

Cheat at play.

Never rise early.

Never do to-day what may be put off till to-morrow.

Never answer a letter.

Eat with your knife; and

Compose your own character for the obituary.

BATH ABUSES.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—You will certainly do me, and divers of my friends, a great favour, and

probably confer one on the public, by allowing a place in your widely circulated paper for the following statement. It professes to be a list, though by no means complete, of Bath nuisances; including, however, some most formidable and some minor sources of annoyance, more or less at variance with the respectability of this splendid city, and with the comforts of its inhabitants; most of which evils not only might, but should be abated, if not altogether removed.

The array of abominations and vexations is actually startling, as I presume you and your multitude of subscribers will admit, when you and they examine and ponder on my items, which are in perfect seriousness offered to your notice. On such disorderly topics, order is out of the question: I observe none.

Dogs, innumerable; filthy, noisy, costly and dangerous; in short—infinately worse than useless.

The dismal, cruel, and nearly universal

custom of keeping singing-birds in cages. They who can look upon and listen to the poor winged prisoners without feeling for their wretchedness, are deplorably stupid: the reflecting bird-keeper is a depraved brute.

Wheel-chairs on our footways; distressing to all—except the selfish and, very frequently, lazy persons who loll in them.

Wetting the steps, &c., of doorways, in the depth of winter.

Foolish persons, *i. e.*, almost everybody, neglecting to take the *right* side, when walking the streets.

A certain ambulating miscreant, who, by his bellowing, lacerates the ears of passers-by, informing them that he deals in large, fresh shrimps—which are notoriously small and putrid.

Three or more liegemen, or liegewomen, moving in a line on a footway, intended to accommodate two progressing in opposite directions; and on which, one behind the

other, two hundred thousand might travel without inconvenience.

The crowding, loitering, and crushing of Christian congregations on leaving a place of worship; when many hundreds might go forth in half the time wasted by the afore-said sagacious crowdiers.

Print-shop windows, which, as managed, collect dangerous assemblages of idlers and pickpockets, and constitute a very great cause of street-embarrassment.

The mal-construction of bell-pulls at street doors, so disposed as to render it well nigh impossible to lay hold of them.

Shop-shades not sufficiently elevated, and which perpetually catch, knock off, and damage the hats of tall, and even middle-sized walkers.

Butchers' boys and Physicians riding on horse-back and driving at full speed through a town abounding in the old, the infirm, and the very juvenile. Having complained to

one in authority of this totally unnecessary and pernicious practice, the consoling answer I received was, that it could not in any instance be visited by the law, until I could prove that myself, or somebody else, had been ridden over and maimed, (possibly for life)!

Wheel chairs not numbered, though suffered to ply, and the names and numbers on flys, &c., painted in characters so minute and designedly obscure as to be of no use, except to the driver.

Dust carts employed in their foul and offensive functions, not in early morning, but at all other times of the day.

Street beggars standing near the Post-Office letter-box.

Mendicants, unreckonable, and inexpressibly troublesome in the outlets of the city.

The custom of laying in coal, at, and after mid-day, when all the world is abroad, and when, should the wind blow, even

moderately, the eyes and mouths of passengers are, in consequence filled with dust and dirt.

Encouragement afforded to fraudulent importers of Irish copper currency, by which manœuvre they are said to realize more than seven per cent.; as thus, the rogue in Ireland regularly collects and transmits to Bristol, &c., casks full of penny and halfpenny pieces, which are of much less intrinsic value than the same denomination of copper currency here. These are exchanged for a like number of English pence and halfpence, and the difference in metallic value is thereby obtained by the knavish jobber, who then melts and sells the copper to his great advantage : a process by which the Irish copper currency is diminished, and the schemer enriched. This impudent trade might be at once stopped by an agreement on this side of the water to refuse all copper coin stamped with the Harp.

The distracting annoyance of organ players, who interrupt conversation and business by their wearisome squeaking and groaning, and very formidably disturb individuals in sickness and sorrow.

The villanous deportment of the whole race of errand boys; those of this city being proverbially the greatest blackguards in Europe. I specify an instance of rascality on the part of one of these fellows which I, not long since, witnessed in Edward-street; and I might add a thousand varied proofs of the fairness of my accusation. A fishmonger's messenger, charged to convey to a customer a vessel full of shelled oysters, chose to stop on his way and lark (see the Bath vocabulary), with others of the tribe whom he encountered, his consignment of oysters was upset and widely scattered on the pavement, from which the nasty chap picked them with his delicate fingers, replaced them in their pan, and proceeded to deliver them as

ordered. It is needless to observe that the foregoing enumeration of grievances might be enlarged by

Sir, your most obedient.

August 21st, 1850.

EPISTOLA AD NOVUM PRÆTOREM.

Sit placitum Dignitati tuæ,—

EST possibile quod tu es tam attonitus invenire teipsum in civica sede, ut nos tui socii urbani fuimus quando primum audivimus tuæ electionis. Sed, accipe amici consilium; fac tuum officium audaciter, et quando novitas rei est super, certe tu eris admiratus ut tu es nunc damnatus, et tu vis lucrum unam valde floridam reputationem. Nunquam animus! Sed solum exhibe urbi quod illi jacent qui dicunt quod tu es non longior juvenis, et probe iis quod cinerea equa potest esse melior

equus,—Meus scopus est implorare ut tu facies tuum optimum removere duo aut tres offensas per quas hæc nostra formosissima civitas est facta injucunda ad habitantes, et absolute execrabilis ad alienos.

Maxime volo ad punctum ex tibi ordinarios vicos mendicos qui sunt infernæ pestes: illi sunt omnes otiosi, atque, ut firme credo, latrones; et perpetue sunt esse inventi prope nostrum Post-Officium, juxta shoparum januas, et in omni angulo urbis. Juxta iis nequissimis possint nominati lanei (alias *butchers'-boys*), qui sunt habitui equitare apud cursum consitatum per vias frequentissimas, ad sortem equitandi super omnes infelices personas qui non possunt saltare aut currere ex illorum via. Pejores quam ambo eorum balatronum, sunt Medici et Medicamentarii qui etiam omnes eunt sicut Diabolus ipse fuit post illos, significare stultis quod non habent momentum parcere, et quod habent innumerabiles morbos populos videre post; quando, dicere nudam verita-

tem, habent nullos. Tu Magister, es dictus esse unus validus parvus socius: fac, pro coeli causa, agite teipsum, et ne sine gramen crescere apud tuas calces; et accipe meum verbum pro eo tu ibis ex officio cum bona gratia, et possis clamare—IN LONGUM VIVANT LIBERALES, et FICUS PRO CONSERVATORIBUS. Ego sum pauper Polus, et idcirco, etiamsi possim scribere formosam bonam anglicam, ego scribo latinam par melius, ut hæc epistola servabit probare.

Crede me, clarissime Præfecte, esse tuum fidelem amicum et socium urbanum.

Nov. kal. xviii.

IRISH PRIESTS.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,—I venture to trouble you with a few words on a subject which seems to me one

of great public importance. In some of the late London papers there has more than once appeared an unqualified statement respecting the recent and dreadful murder of Major Mahon in Ireland, viz., that on the Sunday preceding his assassination, the victim had been (as the term is) denounced by the officiating priest from the altar of a chapel in his neighbourhood. The assertion is, in every sense of the word, false; but I feel satisfied that, were it true, the priest in question should be not only named, but immediately prosecuted as the adviser and chief promoter of the bloody deed referred to. On the other hand, and if untrue, the publishers of this most cruel slander should be exposed to the scorn and detestation of all honourable and upright minds.

I know thoroughly the character and deportment and duties of the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, and something of the clergy of other nations, many hundreds of whom I venerate and admire; but I am not acquaint-

ted with any members of the European clerical body who, speaking generally, are so laborious, so conscientious, so enduring, so humble, and so useful as the parish priests of Ireland. I accordingly repeat that the above-mentioned declaration is a base, factious, time-serving, pernicious, and unchristian calumny.

I shall, I trust, gain credit in your eyes for my sincerity at least, when I add that I am, and have been, for considerably more than fifty years, a clergyman of the Church of England, and I hope—human frailty allowed for—one not altogether unworthy.

To preclude misconception, I beg leave to subjoin my name and present place of residence.

I have the honour to be, &c.

10, Johnstone-street, Bath, Nov. 17, 1847.

THE FRENCH.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—I have been, on most occasions, careful to avoid troubling myself or you on political subjects; but the times seem to call for something more or less connected with politics, and to suggest the propriety of offering to your consideration and that of your readers, a few observations on the character and conduct of the people of France: at least of those of Paris, which is generally conceived to signify France; a country towards which the eyes of the world are at present particularly directed. To begin, as is but fair, with a favourable view of the portrait intended, I shall not deny what the world acknowledges, that the French are a martial race,—that is, exceedingly fond of war, when they have a prospect of being victorious; that they are

supremely endowed with taste and genius for the fine arts of dancing, cookery, and making the hours of life pass agreeably; that they are adepts and unrivalled in the sciences of dressing the human person to advantage; in getting up and acting comedies and farces on the stage; and in delivering sentimental speeches in public with fluency; that they build ships with infinitely more skill than we of England can pretend to do; that they excel the rest of mankind in concocting wines, wigs, eau de vie, and love songs; and that they can assemble an army in less time than we require to form a battalion. But a picture painted in bright lights only, would be incomplete; I must therefore make bold to throw a shade or two into the above, and to insinuate that they do not fight their ships quite so well as they mould them, and have, some how or other, usually contrived to hand them over in action as prizes to their British antagonists. Of the zeal, discipline,

and energy of the military of France, we cannot entertain a doubt, when we find that Wellington himself compliments them for those qualities, — notwithstanding which, and their utmost efforts to prevent him in more than fifty-seven battles, sieges, and skirmishes during the Peninsular war, they were vanquished in each, and beaten out of the field.

To these facts I do not hesitate to add, that the sun of our system never shone, and I trust in God never will shine on a people so absurd, so vain, so incapable of reasoning, so ignobly servile, so contemptibly fickle, so brutally heartless, so perfidious as the French. To be scurrilous is not difficult, but unluckily for the objects of my severity, I can prove the charges advanced against them by a rapid view of French proceedings in the compass of little more than the last half century. The reforming spirit by which France was actuated was, at the commencement, most laudably

virtuous: her people were barbarously oppressed, and gallantly rose to redress themselves; but the national character began speedily to operate; they destroyed the enlightened and magnanimous founders of their Revolution; authorized a merciless maniac, Robespierre, to rule them; murdered by hundreds under his guidance, women, aged priests, and children; stigmatized their king (who had not faculties to govern a farm-yard), as a tyrant, and butchered him on a scaffold; did as much for his wretched helpless queen, and several of his relatives; and—bloodshed being the pastime of the day—then massacred their dictator and his coadjutors. After which they, with shouts of triumph, invited Napoleon to govern them; and he, an artful, and iron-hearted and sanguinary empiric—and nothing better—converted their populace into legions of banditti, and ravaged the greater part of Europe. But Napoleon, who was an indefatigable schemer of battles

and political movements, manœuvred so ingeniously as to lose all the objects of his crazy ambition: being 'driven out of Italy, Egypt, Spain, Holland, Germany, &c., and ultimately out of France—from which his adoring people helped to push him with hisses of scorn and cries of execration. The same people, then, received with hymns of gladness (I witnessed what I relate), Louis XVIII. as their lawful sovereign: expatriated him with ignominy, and with screams of rapture welcomed back Napoleon: exiled him again with screams of abhorrence; and with "choral symphonies" restored Louis, on whose demise they accepted his brother Charles as King: finally hooted him into banishment, and actually compelled Louis Philippe of Orleans, the child of faction, but the best sovereign that ever swayed the sceptre of their land, to supply the place of Charles X. on the Gallic throne; and him they have now put forth, to hide his "grey discrowned head" in the bowers of Clare-

mont, that they may establish for their nation what they facetiously term a Republic. Let it not be forgotten, too, that in mockery of Omnipotence, they enacted all the forementioned frisks and frolics under the sanction of solemn oaths addressed to their Creator! As to a Republic, the French do not understand the phrase,—and are physically, morally, and socially incapable of forming so manly and rational a species of government: sooner will Bath be void of beggars and boobies; or —— write prose or verse fit to be read, than the French become true Republicans. I ask pardon for my theme and the length to which my remarks have been extended, and am,

Sir, yours, &c.

Tuesday, March 28th, 1848.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—On a late prominent occasion of your publication for me, I have said justly that I could do the English well; I go to prove it. But to give account wherefore I am master of your tongue, I inform that I learned truly English at a chief academy at Paris when youthful; and I know to spell from the dictionary direct of the Johnson; that says all.

Our men of wit and fine letters are just at the distance, and we at the city of natural fountains hot, are most afflicted, as may appear to strike you, when you notice that a person born to the pen of the nation wanting; I of Warsaw am charged to express myself in the name of Bath which is at despair. We have, it must be said, here the centre of the pleasures. We enjoy

baths of the warm and the cold, roads of iron, houses of lodging, houses of eating, and the drink, and houses of every sort of practice besides. We have councillors of the town, bum bailiffs, an office of the posts, lamps made of gas, works of the pastry cooks, hospitals that can be cured and can not, a spick and span mayor entirely, a superb Master of the Ceremony in the condition of a total officer general, that is, *chef de brigade*; bakers of bread domestic and strange, asses in carts of coals, ministers established and of loose character, advocates, procurers, doctors of the purgative, maids at nurse, dogs of the lap, and streets the mud whereof can not be gone beyond. Moreover, again, we share in ladies and gentlemen young of the England, the Ireland, and the Scotland, and all the parents they have; officers of the military and the marine of the half-pay, and not pay at all; lectures in all marches of the philosophy; and the man of the

shrimp who strikes your ear with a box of thunder by shouting that he wills to sell shrimps fresh, large, though not altogether quite. Outside of all these treasures we have Mister Punch, for ever performing above his wife in the Church-Yard close near the Abbey, while bad sinners are putting up their prayers: we have a superior theatre, and libraries of the novels of the Misses; and it would do the good to your breast to behold the joyousness of the ornaments of the Bellamy in his ball-room, so unbounded that he conceives to invite there a herd of elephants to therein dance the Polka. In effect, we have all these numbered things, and a great many of additions—but, Mr. the Editor, we have not company, and we ask your quill of power to assist us. It, by consequence, arrives in the mind of our Mayor and his Aldermen to be solicitous to you to bestow your ink and your influence on the Queen's sweet graciousness and others, to persuade to

send us, as soon as convenient, the immense horse statue of Wellington, who is, at the present, a sort of vagabond seeking a parish settlement.

Hoping you will aid with success, we have already almost fixed upon a proper where to place the big traveller, namely, the pavement exactly in visage of the Station of Police, where his Duke's grace would, you see, ride about between two holy churches, would possess, at his hand, the shield of the blue Captain and the troop of him, be near the new Worshipfulness of the Mayor in his hall of the black justice, and never far from his mouthful of the real South Down.

We beseech you to entertain this project of us in your bowels of reflection, and to consider that the show would draw by attraction, and pull the world into Bath.

Accept, Sir, of my most high consideration.

Bath, Dec. 22nd, 1846.

WORKMAN'S WAGES ;

AN OLD STORY VERSIFIED BY E. M.

Bath, October, 1833.

A BUMPKIN, with an aching jaw,
By chance upon a door-plate saw
The name of Willson—dentist, too :
“This,” to himself he cried, “will do.”
Then knocked, went in, announced his grief,
And from the artist begged relief.
“Ay, ay,” quoth Willson to the lout,
“Sit; show your gums; that tooth must out.
Hold back your head!” He did so, and
Lo! Bumpkin’s tooth in Willson’s hand.
“What’s to be paid for that short turn?”
“Ten shillings.” “Ten!” Now I’ll be sworn
The charge, good sir, is woundy high
For you to make; because as why
The tooth was gone afore I knew
’Twas going! Others be’nt like you;
’Tis beyond reason! Doctor Tug’em,
When patients call, will pull and lug ’em
For half an hour; yet scorns to ask,
More than one shilling for his task :
But take your cash!” And striding forth,
Added, in accents of disdain,
“Not having had my money’s worth,
I’m blessed if I try *you* again.”

POOR SPITE.

To the Editor of the Bath Chronicle.

SIR,—A copy of the following letter was sent, on the 27th ult., to the editor of a London evening paper, and has thus long remained unnoticed. Your known liberality will, I trust, incline you to give publicity to sentiments which your discernment will quickly perceive to be very closely connected with the dearest interests of the community.

“I, and ere this, fifty thousand others, have seen in the *Times* of the 26th of August an article, averred to be taken from a lately published No. of the *Examiner*, the object of which is to bring the Established Church into discredit, by gross and general abuse of her clergy. These, however, owe their best thanks to the writer for having specified the unworthy brothers of the clerical order; because this specification implies

that those of the priesthood not so stigmatised are men of respectability. The delinquents in question, it may be recollected, have been already exposed to public censure—a severe punishment, but not at all more severe than their alleged offences deserve. It is not on this account that I would quarrel with the author of the extract which appeared in the *Times*; though some little objection might be made to the *animus* by which both the editor of that journal and the writer in the *Examiner* appear to have been actuated in their attack on the Church. But I must be allowed to say a word touching the original writer's mode of reasoning. He would have shown himself a master in dialectics were his logic equal to his zeal; unfortunately for his reputation it is not. Though badly educated, he can hardly be ignorant that it is forbidden to argue from particulars to generals, therefore unfair to infer that the asserted disgraceful conduct of a few among the clergy signifies that the

majority of that body must be bad. This, in the schools, would be termed false deduction! In the world, he who should authorize an insinuation of the kind would be treated as a fool or—a liar; a harsh epithet, yet scriptural; by which all I would be understood to mean is, one who not only lies, but knows that he lies.

I am, Sir, &c.

Sept. 8th, 1845.

DUELLING.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—It is now upwards of four years since you were so good as to publish a letter of mine on the subject of duelling; see the *Herald* of July 29th, 1843. In your paper of the 21st inst. you have expatiated, very ably and eloquently, I admit, on the horrible practice of single combat: I must, notwith-

standing, take the liberty of reiterating, in substance, some of my former arguments designed to show that duelling *cannot* be dispensed with, however devoutly it is to be wished that it could; and that, in fact, it would be less pernicious to the interests of the community to continue the objectionable custom, than, were it practicable, to abolish it. Still, let me not be misunderstood by you or your readers: as a Christian, a civilized being, and—if I may so far presume, a man of common sense, I execrate and abhor the hideous fashion, and have on numberless occasions loudly protested against it. But allow me to assert that until EVERY man connected with society in these countries shall be fully under the influence of the hallowed, pure, and benign spirit of CHRISTIANITY, duelling, that is, liability to its consequences, is indispensable. You are aware that only the ruffian, the rash and the wrong-headed, ever violate the established laws of society; now, nothing

but personal fear can restrain men of the above dangerous description; but this personal fear *will* do; because the ferocious, the reckless, and half-witted are mostly thorough cowards, and, however savage or stupid in their natures, are perpetually controlled by an apprehension of being made answerable in the field for their misconduct. The athletic bully is deterred from using his bludgeon or his fist against a weakly antagonist, by the dread of being "called out." The smooth-tongued villain who would insult or ruin the peace of an innocent woman and of her family, has, at present, before his dastard eyes the terror of a father's or brother's vengeance. The vulgar, vain, and impetuous member of a military mess, the idle frequenter of places of public resort, or of private assemblies is, for the time, compelled to imitate the deportment of the refined and the discreet, by the conviction that any unseemly outbreak on his part will be followed by—a message.

But let the fear of being rendered *personally* responsible be done away, and assuredly the result will be brawls, blows, Billingsgate language, inextinguishable animosities, and interminable lawsuits ! I therefore solemnly repeat that until the RELIGION that is from on high shall be the profession and practice of *all*, the dread of the pistol must be countenanced, that the kindly, the decorous, the feeble, the youth of goodly morals, the venerable old—may have some chance of enjoying social repose.

I am, Sir, &c.

Tuesday, August 24, 1847.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—I beg to offer for insertion in your paper an Ode, lately composed by your humble servant, after the manner of Horace,

though, mayhap, not precisely in the usual measure of the far-famed Roman. My attempt, however, is not necessarily the worse for that, if, without vanity I may say so.

I am, Sir, &c.

Wednesday, Nov. 21st, 1849.

SEMEL, super tempus, si reminisceris,
Ego scripsi tibi meas parvas ideas
Relativas ad nonnullas offensas
In hac nostra urbe.

Tu eras sic bonus ut edere eas
Pro quo ego sentio valde obligatus :
Fortasse tu feceris ut multum
Pro quo ego nunc mitto.

Ante ego tractavi satis de mendicis,
Simul de *Butchers'-boys* et de Doctoribus ;
Et nunc dicam nil de rotis-sellis
H. nuper fecit id capitaliter.

Hic ego tango super *blackguard* pueros,
Vulgo dictos *errand boys*, et non in mundo
Possit ullus unus imaginare
Viliores quam nostris.

Solum observa, et tu invenies
Quod ii scelerati, sine ulla exceptione,
Accipiunt murum, nulla materies iis
An rectum aut lævum.

Sed quidem in hoc sunt retenti in vultu
Ab nonis ex decem eorum meliorum,
Qui sunt in facto tam miseri stulti
Ut non scire unum ab altero.

Spero etiam ut tu accipies notitiam
De canibus quibus nos sumus infestati ;
Canibus omnis generis ab bulldogiis
Usque ad canes melitæos.

Illi omnes debent esse suspensi
Per collum, et si eorum possessores
Fuerint etiam suspensi cum iis,
Cur, sic multum melius

HORACE.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Many of your readers, myself included, were very agreeably reminded of that prince of Poets, Horace, by some fine specimens of imitation and translation of two of his Odes, which embellished the *Bath Herald*, of Saturday, the 5th instant.

The perusal brought to my recollection

an attempt made several years ago, to give a nearly close translation into English verse, of one of the Odes. This appeared in a London journal of the time; and I now send you a copy, in hopes that you will be pleased to find space for it in your publication, and that my feeble effort may excite others, much more capable than the writer, to try their powers in the same way.

The beautiful original, the 10th ode of the 2nd book, charms us, as you well know, by its gentle philosophy and its eloquence of thought and expression: it has been frequently and variously translated into our language, and one version of it is, if I do not mistake, among the juvenile essays of the far-famed Sir Philip Sydney.

The object I had in view was to exhibit an imitation—however unworthy—of the sweet measure of the Latin, and by supplying stanza for stanza, afford the mere English reader some notion of the airy lightness and grace with which the refined Roman classic

united brevity, taste, sublime imagery, and
has grandeur of precept.

TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH ODE OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF THE ODES OF HORACE.

To Licinius.

TEY, Friend, the middle course to steer ;
Nor, when the storm begins to roar,
Stand too far off, nor yet too near—
The uneven shore.

The man who loves the golden mean,
Will shun the hovel's sordid walls ;
And wisely strive ne'er to be seen
In lordly halls.

For, oft the pine is tempest-torn,
And oft the lofty tower laid low ;
And oft we see red lightnings burn
The mountain's brow.

When Fortune smiles—not too elate,
Nor, when she frowns, too much deprest ;
Alike prepared for either fate
The manly breast.

Though Winter now, yet Spring will bloom,
Again the vernal breeze will blow
Again the God his lyre resume
And drop the bow.

Be firm beneath the adverse blast,
And—should you drive with favouring gale ;
Be prudent then ; for then 'tis best
To furl your sail.

Dec. 15th, 1846.

THE DAWN.—A SKETCH.

Addressed to the lovely —

WHEN a fair morning just begins to break
 'Twixt three and four—about the end of May,
 The sky's like Isabella's beauteous cheek,—
 With roses faintly tinted; one might say
 'Tis rosy; (there's a better word in Greek,)
 Or almost rosy, but—in short—'tis day
 New born, and nothing's lovelier to view—
 Except the Nymph I have compar'd it to.

In part 'tis silver bright ; rich lustre throwing
It's radiance round, like Isabella's eyes,
And like those pretty luminaries—showing
That Heaven's within ; for, look at orient skies,
The moment chanticleer commences crowing,
And you'd suppose them—gleams of Paradise ;
And feel convinced—so brilliant do you find 'em—
That nothing less than Heaven—can be behind 'em.

Next comes that Minstrel of the air—the Lark,
Spurning the dewy grass, and upward springing,
As the Bard Burns describes the warbler ; hark !
The melody he makes, while eastward winging
His flight ;—and leaving for the dawn, the dark
Deep vale below ; his liquid music bringing
Sounds to remembrance, that my soul rejoice,
Because they're sweet—like Isabella's voice.

And then—the fresh, the gently-blowing breeze,
That breathes its infant breath on ev'ry flower ;
And skims the brook—and whispers in the trees,
And kisses—as it flies—yon jasmine bower,
While vibrate leaf and spray with graceful ease,
All these are charming at this early hour ;
But he who'd taste what Milton calls the prime,
And hear and see all this—must wake in time.

HORACE.

The Odes of Horace literally translated into English
verse, by Henry George Robinson.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—Permit me to request a place in
your paper for a brief, but very earnest

recommendation to public favour of Mr. Robinson's admirable performance. The work appears to me as praiseworthy as it is singular: his translation is so literal and faithful as to satisfy the most fastidious scholar; and at the same time to prove that Mr. Robinson is not only a man of general talents, but a graceful and dexterous versifier, and master of all the erudition required for a due execution of his extremely difficult task.

The translation is not, indeed, equal to the original effusions of the renowned Roman; yet falls short only because no other tongue than his own could possibly do justice to the mind infused into his lyrics by Horace; and ours, by far the richest and best of modern languages, is, nevertheless, greatly inferior to the Latin of the Augustan age, in the essentials of vigour, compression and refinement. Yet, everything which English phraseology could do to furnish the mere English reader with a knowledge of the

thoughts and expressions, and almost the numbers employed by Horace in his immortal Odes, has been done, and with much ability, by Mr. Robinson.

With the dry and tasteless, but accurate, prose translation of Christopher Smart, every school-boy is familiar; as all well-educated persons are with the elegant version of Francis; but something more polished than the literality of Smart, and less paraphrastic than what Francis has left us, was called for; and that precise want the learning, industry, and fine poetical power of Mr. Robinson have happily supplied.

Printing the Latin text along with his version, Mr. R., as he safely may, invites a scrutiny, and challenges a comparison of one with the other. I venture to select the following as a specimen, not for its merit, though that is conspicuous, but as being one of the shortest in the volume:—

Carmen xxxviii.

AD PUERUM.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
Displicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ;
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo; neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibentem."

Ode xxxviii.

TO HIS BOY.

"Boy, I loathe the Persian state;
Chaplets linden-wove I hate;
What place the roses linger late
Thy further search decline.
Simple let the myrtle be,
I beg; the myrtle neither thee
Attending unbecomes, nor me
Quaffing beneath the vine."

A human work without faults, and great faults, has never yet appeared; but it may be excusable to say, after a very careful

perusal, that a literary effort of its kind with fewer blemishes than Mr. Robinson's Horace, will not readily be found.

I am, Sir, &c.

July 30th, 1845.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—In your paper of the 8th inst., appears an article on the subject of a latin inscription over the door-way of Billet's Hospital. Allow me space for a very few lines in reference to the above.

In my copy of "Guidott's Discourse of Bathe, London, for Henn: Brome, 1676," the name is repeatedly printed Bellot, and I conclude, from the date of the edition, this to be the correct orthography.

As to the *inscription*, it strikes me that the word, at one time conjectured to be MVTVA, or MVTVO, might be MVNVS, the last and penultimate letters of the word being

clearly vs; and that then the sense of the whole would be something like this;—addressed to a benefactor:—

“ You rest content that no portion of your wealth which might be of use to the poor man, lies slumbering in your coffers : virtuous poverty, the result of your liberality, is your reward.”

I am, Sir, &c.

November 10th, 1845.

PRECEPT *versus* PRACTICE.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—The act of turning over the leaves of the “ Book of Common Prayer,” a few days since, suggested to me a thought or two, which perhaps you will be pleased to communicate to the public, whenever you have a corner to spare in the “ Bath Herald.”

In the form of Church Catechism, I lighted

on two questions, which I transcribe, together with the clear and comprehensive reply assigned to each: enough, at least, of those replies, to suit my present purpose. "What is thy duty towards God?" "My duty towards God is to believe in him, to fear him, and to love him." "What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?" "To love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me."

On the day of my looking into the above mentioned catechism, I was induced also to examine a London newspaper, which is professedly a faithful record of recent transactions, metropolitan and provincial, in this country. I place before you and your readers, an abstract of the contents of my newspaper, with reference to the foregoing definitions of the duties of a Christian man; and in order to establish the fact of our conformity to the spirit of them in this our civilized land. The first page of this register of philanthropy and brotherly love,

abounded in advertisements, to wit: notices of thieves absconded after robbing their parents and employers, sons and daughters who, through the effects of debauchery, had deserted their homes, and left their fathers and mothers nearly insane, from the agonies of doubt, terror, and despair; intimations, intelligible only to the initiated, touching the safe arrival in town of L. B., of whom C. may hear further by a line addressed, &c.; offers, under the seal of secrecy, of money at usurious interest, to minors and spendthrifts; tenders to persons plundered, from the robbers themselves, to restore their property, for a con—sider—ation. Pages two, three, four, presented me with the gratifying particulars of two parricides, three mothers murdering their infants, three completed suicides, and two attempts to commit that crime; three burglaries, three instances of malicious burning of farming stock; the massacre of a poor old woman in her lonely cottage; the poisoning of a whole

family, by a servant girl taken in through charity; the robbing of a respectable, aged person by footpads, whom he did not resist; a house intentionally set on fire by the owner, that he might defraud the insurance office; a malefactor convicted of a pitiless murder, but not executed, having wept, and said he was sorry, and being called "poor fellow" by the editor; two intrigues of married persons in fashionable life discovered; a man proved to have pulled out by the root, the tongue of a living and favourite horse, because the owner chid him for getting drunk; another, found guilty of tearing off the skins of several live cats; another of knocking out the eye of a tired sheep; two cases of forgery, one of them that of a father's will; two duels, in each of which one of the combatants was dreadfully mutilated.

I will not go on; though all readers of newspapers know that I could. But concluding the journal in question to contain,

as I conscientiously believe it does, nothing but facts, and these not of rare, but constant occurrence, I proceeded to compute, with large allowances, the amount of, say, ten years only, of similar reports; and supposing but forty such transactions per day throughout Britain, the sum would be above one hundred and twenty thousand violations of our religious and moral code. If, in addition, delinquencies, great and small, not recorded or detected, be taken into the calculation, the total, it must be confessed, is rather formidable, and warrants my observing that it would be as well if we were to mend our ways, or leave off calling ourselves a Christian people!

I am, Sir, &c.

Feb. 3rd, 1840.

AD ALTISSIMUM PRINCIPEM TORRENTIEM,
IN ANGLIA.

EXCELLENTISSIME RAJAH!

Nos subsignantes, et quasi subjecti tuæ Altitudinis, mendicamus licentiam appropinquare tuæ augustæ identitati cum sequente narratione factorum, atque simile sagax cum nostra humillima petitione, super subjectum tuæ Altitudinis gubernationis hujusce insulæ de Borneo. Nos arrogamus tunc, dicere quod in tua administratione publicarum rerum, multa miracula vestigia habuerunt accepta a teipso, et a tua factione jamdudum. Pauci anni dorsum, ambo a te et tuis adjutoribus, omnes Cynocephali atque Cercopithecii hujus Insulæ, (et sunt hic innumerabiles), ponebantur super eandem æquationem cum Christianis et aliis decentibus hominibus de Borneo, et plus super erant admissi parti conciliorum insulæ, mensura quæ est probabilis in fine

calcitrare sursum unum infernum pulveris. Et tu ipse, duntaxat altera die, elegisti ex agmine Cercopithecorum unum magnum et execrabilem et hirsutum Ouranoutangem, et—dic quod volumus—posuisti eum inter sanctos in, ut nos Borneosenses dicimus, Domo Dominorum: terribiliter ad indignationem et frustrationem et mortificationem et vexationem pauperis cari infelicitis Doctoris Hilaristempestatis. Et hoc, ultra dubitationem, est ludens diabolus super duos bacculos cum nostro toto statu societatis. Est in nostra potentia, sine multo labore, turgescere hunc catalogum accusationum; sed esse breves et venire semel ad punctum; nos vehementer imploramus tuam Altitudinem, aut dissolvere omne malum quod tu perpetravisti—aut pulchre scindere tuum virgultum et ire ex pro bono, et sic dare locum meliori Gubernatori: et nos, tui supplices, semper orabimus.

Borneo, Kal. Sep. 1847.

LOUIS XVIII.

To the Editor of the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.

THIS refers to a curious fact, Louis 18th, in his exile and without a prospect of ever being seated on the throne of France, lived under a borrowed name, at a hired lodging house, No. 71, Great Pulteney-street, Bath, where he was gazed at by the multitude with pity or indifference. But Mr. James Randolph, commanding the Rifle corps of the Bath Volunteers, paraded his men in compliment to the banished sovereign, who stood at his drawing-room window, and made a bow of acknowledgment. The writer was an eye-witness of this scene—and—in two years after saw Louis, in royal state, at the Tuileries.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BATH AND
CHELTENHAM GAZETTE.

SIR,—You were so good as to insert in your last paper, an article written by me,

and respectfully offered to your columns, from a wish to do justice to great and modest merit, and to insure publicity to an anecdote which was deemed worth preserving by those, on whose judgment I rely much more than on my own. It appears, however, that this communication has excited different sentiments in some of your readers. The half reasoners among them deem the topic of too little consequence; while the malignant and the prejudiced affect to conceive that the statement was intended to deride the transaction alluded to. Both are grossly in error: the period with which the anecdote is connected, was, I affirm, the most memorable in the annals of this renowned nation; and the act of the respectable individual in question such, as not only to merit general applause, but worthy to be recorded by an abler pen than mine—or any pen of which Bath can boast. When was there, in British history, a period so important as that to

which the anecdote refers ? Can it be that those days are already forgotten ? Is the race of cowards and traitors extinct ? Does no one remember that England—great and imperishable as I trust in God she is—contained, and even cherished in her bosom, writers who eulogized, fools who idolized, and soldiers who dreaded and flattered that contemptible scoundrel Napoleon ! That there were not wanting Senators and Statesmen who disgraced not only their country but their manhood, by an avowed admiration of the bandit ; of him, who like a heartless villain pined for the destruction of Britain, attempted it like a lunatic, and failed like a poltroon. Is the enviable security we enjoy, the dear loved liberty we are proud of, to be set down as nothing, or stigmatized as trivial ? Has Nelson bled, or Wellington triumphed in vain ? Is it to be patiently endured that the man who felt confident in his country's energies, justly appreciated the freedom he shared

and instead of “desparing of the safety of the commonwealth” boldly predicted her ultimate victories, and the fall of her arch-enemy—the Corsican phantom, is it to be endured that such a man should not be had in honour, or that a sneer should be directed against him, and his principles, because he was not one of the idolaters of an upstart miscreant, who would have made slaves of us, as he did of the servile people whom he cajoled and deserted.

Excuse—not my warmth—but¹ my want of adequate force of expression; afford this appeal a place in your widely circulated journal, and you shall not again be troubled on the same subject by,

Sir, your humble Servant.

Bath, December 5.

LAVALLETTE'S VISION.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—In a biographical sketch of Count Lavallette prefixed to his memoirs, may be seen the relation of a most frightful dream which the unfortunate prisoner had while lying under sentence of death by the guillotine. I have endeavoured to embody the tremendous narrative in a few rude rhymes; and tender these to you for insertion in your paper, should you not think the subject too coarse for public taste. The wonderful part of the story is, what is probably characteristic of most dreams, that although the transaction seemed to the sleeping man to occupy many hours, the whole must have occurred in the brief space of, perhaps, two minutes—time enough for relieving the soldier on guard at the *Palais de Justice*, where Lavallette was confined.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

At midnight's drear hour the booming clock
Of the prison resounded, and fever'd I woke ;
And I heard the tread of the sentinel's foot,
As the pavement he press'd with his pond'rous boot.
Yet again I slept, but the jarring gate
Awoke me again to the thoughts of my fate !
Still—slept I had ! ay, and dreamed a dream —
Which did like a hideous reality seem—
And will, till my latest breath I draw !
For in this dire dream methought I saw
St. Honore's-street portentous and dark :
And steeds advancing I heard—and, hark !
The trumpet's clang—and I viewed aghast
Squadrons approaching—approaching fast !
While a blazing torch each trooper bore,
His gaunt, skinless body dripping with gore ;
And, rolling in bloody socket, each eye
Flashing—glared on me horribly !
His bleeding hide, like drapery hung
From each spectre-horse, as he trail'd it along :
And o'er ev'ry ghostly warrior's head
A helmet of mangled flesh was spread,
And glitter'd his teeth in the flambeau's light,
As grinning he gnashed his huge jaws with spite.
The while, beneath me, and wide around,
A sanguine torrent swept over the ground.
Above—at a thousand casements—gleam'd
The aspects of women that corpse-like seem'd,
Who, silent and grim, gaz'd down on the show
Of the fearful and fiendish procession below.
Soon—moanings, and sobbing, and shrieking, I heard,
And waggons, with carnage encumber'd, appear'd

In endless array ; and the odour of death
Struck my sense, and I felt as if gasping for breath.
But blest be the crash of the jarring gate
That awoke me again to the thoughts of my fate !

THE EXILE OF SAINT HELENA.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—To encourage the early indications of superior talents by timely and public applause, is, perhaps, among the most pleasing of our social duties. Convinced that upon this point you are of my opinion, I beg leave to make the Bath Herald the vehicle of some observations on the subject of “the Exile of Saint Helena,” the poem, which in June last, gained the prize for its youthful author, who recited his composition in the Theatre at Oxford.

The verses of Mr. Dart, of Exeter College, he successful candidate on the occasion,

were mentioned in my hearing, as being what the critics and commentators in this instance, termed "neat enough," "very fair indeed," "nothing out of the common," &c. Now, having frequently been told of new poems of the most splendid description, in which, upon perusal, I was unable to discern anything like poetical or literary merit, it occurred to me that, possibly "the Exile of Saint Helena" might deserve something better than the cold epithets applied to its claims; I accordingly borrowed a copy of the poem, resolving, as in other cases I have often satisfactorily done, to judge for myself. I forthwith studied the production, consisting of about two hundred and fifty lines, with all the deliberation in my power; summoned to recollection as many similar performances as I could; recalled every "canon of criticism" that memory could supply; and ultimately rose from my task of examination, with feelings of delight such as I have rarely derived

from reading modern verse. I will not say I was surprised, because that was not true: I was, on the contrary, prepared by some experience, as hinted at above, for the gratifying result; and I venture to affirm that an essay evincing so decidedly a true genius for the glorious art and mystery of poesy, has very seldom graced the literature of England.

I would not be understood to insinuate that it is without faults; it is not, and I should almost be sorry if it were more free from defects;—they are, in one sense, tokens of its power. But, “The Exile of Saint Helena” has to boast of beauties which would amply compensate for failings more formidable than any to be traced in its pages; and I fearlessly make this assertion, the correctness of which I could establish by extensive quotation, did not discretion restrain my pen. The young poet has taken a rapid but comprehensive, and by no means ungenerous, view of

Napoleon's career and character; and portrayed him, as he undoubtedly was—ambitious, heartless, selfish, godless. He might have added to the picture that, though brave, and endowed with acute faculties, he was miserably uneducated, the slave of vulgar impetuosities, and an empirical diplomatist, besides being in the end (that test of military greatness) a defeated warrior!

But, to return to the verses; I would ask, if there can, in the compass of poetical imaginings, be conceived anything more magnificent than the following novel, sublime and appalling thought? The poet fancies Buonaparte present, as their Chief-tain, at the terrific array of a phantom army—of thousands and tens of thousands of those who perished in battle to win renown for him, and whose shades are passing in review before the eyes of their conscience-stricken leader!

“ At that dread call, from countless fields of strife
Leap the dark hosts to visionary life,

Again—as when on martial festive day,
His eye glanc'd o'er a nation's arm'd array.
He view'd the myriad forms whose native shore
Proudly sent forth—but hail'd them back no more !
On shadowy steeds with bright blades brandish'd high,
Swept in unending stream th' imperial squadrons by ;
Glanc'd in broad mass the bayonet's steely grove,
Gleam'd the pale Eagle's silver form above ;
And the dark guns, in long succeeding train,
Roll'd as if filing to some battle-plain.—
Yet—all was still ! Unheard the clash of steel ;
Silently mov'd the cannon's cumbrous wheel.
The drum was mute,—no trumpet-signal spoke,
From bloodless lips no wonted welcome broke.—
Yet none arraign'd ! It seem'd as though the dead,
Held that stern glance—that kingly mien in dread.
Though, as they passed, 'neath many a mailed brow,
Once flush'd with hope—but chill and lifeless now,
Each ghastly eye—than deadliest accents worse,
Glar'd the cold terrors of its silent curse.”

I could, as I have said, indulge much more largely in the pleasure of transcribing, but that I am withheld by my unwillingness to encroach further on your complaisance.

With Mr. Dart I am wholly unacquainted; but I cannot help believing, from his attainments, that his moral deport-

ment, while a student, has kept pace with the powers of his mind, that he is a source of just pride to his *Alma mater*, his parents and friends, and destined, should he not neglect the Muse, at no distant date, to enjoy a brilliant reputation among the poets of his country.

I am, Sir, &c.

July 17th, 1838.

IRISH R. C. PRIESTS.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—In the “Bath Herald” of Friday last appeared an extract from the *Dumfries Courier*, professing to be or contain the communication of a gentleman on the subject of the Irish Roman Catholic Priesthood, &c. With your leave I shall offer some slight remarks on this article.

Two sorts of falsehood prevail among men, which are, however, to the honourable, one and the same as to crime. He who states as a fact what he does not know to be such, deviates as much from veracity as if he had averred what he knew to be false. This observation will be thought trite here—but not on the other side of the Tweed. The communicating gentleman of the DUM. COU. seems to me to come within the limits of one or other of the above classifications, in what he is made (by the Scotch editor) to say respecting the incomes and practices of the Roman Catholic Priests of Ireland: he deposes either to that which he knew not to be true, or might have known, if he had inquired. He is made to say “the Catholic Priests are most of them much better paid than the bulk of the Clergy:” meaning in Scotland. “*In general their incomes may be rated at from six to eight hundred pounds per annum.*” With the primary part of this assertion I shall not meddle, as I neither know

nor care what may be the ordinary income of a Scottish minister. But—in reply to the clause which states the usual amount of the income of an Irish Catholic Priest, I unreservedly declare that it is false. Were facts, and facts within reach of almost everyone, out of the question, the gentleman's statement is essentially at variance with what he advances elsewhere: for he speaks, and truly, of the people of each district referred to in Ireland, as miserably indigent; yet would maintain the possibility of a tribe offamishing paupers accumulating (*generally*) an income of six or eight hundred pounds a year for the support of their Parish Priest! I have lived for several years as a protestant parish priest in Ireland; dwelt constantly in or near the scene of my duty; and had care of souls in the poorest and the wealthiest counties in that portion of the united kingdom; I was always on terms of brotherly acquaintance with my unassuming, venerable, useful, laborious neighbour, the Catholic

Priest, and had perpetually opportunities of ascertaining the toils, the utility, and the recompence of each; and, possessing as much right to make an assertion as the gentleman of the DUM. COU., I do solemnly assert, in contradiction to him, that there is probably not a R. C. Priest in Ireland, who now has, nor since the time of the civil wars has there been one who had, in any form (unless arising from private property) the *third* part of eight hundred pounds for his annual income. I am, as it becomes me to be, a friend, though a very humble one, of the establishment of which I form a part; I love it (yet not its faults); but I love truth more, and heartily wish a louder voice than mine employed in proclaiming it, and an abler pen in chastising the Scotch editor, with whom it would be waste of time, argument, temper, and good breeding to adduce proofs, which I could notwithstanding bring in support of what I say. But, I will ask any fair man, acquainted with the Roman

Catholic Parish Priest and the Roman Catholic Peasants of Ireland, if there is a possibility that the charge of the gentleman in the DUM. COU. can be founded in fact? I ask with a view to obtain an answer, and hope I shall: but I anticipate the reply, and expect to be told that he of the DUM. COU. by his six or eight hundred pounds per annum, means pounds weight of *potatoes*! Even this amount of vegetable income would, in many instances, be an exaggeration.

I am, Sir, your most obedient.

BAYLY, THE POET.

"We, B. H., readily avail ourselves of the permission given by the writer of the following letter, and publish it accordingly."

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

"And were we not born for the worthier end
Than to love him—and lose him—Oh! what were a
friend!"

T. H. B.

DEAR SIR,—I venture to trouble you with

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a few words in reference to a recent publication: "Poems by the late Thomas Haynes Bayly," edited by that gentleman's accomplished widow; hoping by the aid of your kindly disposition to draw the attention of the literary classes of Bath to a work, which, I presume to say, belongs peculiarly to this city; as it was under the especial patronage of the inhabitants of Bath that their distinguished fellow townsman first courted the Muse. Every well informed and tasteful person here and elsewhere in England is in possession of some of his poetical productions; yet, perhaps, no individual has all the pieces which enrich these volumes; neither does one in a hundred of his admirers know much more of Haynes Bayly than that he was, in his day, a sweet versifier, and a most agreeable member of society. The exceedingly clever and attractive biographical account of him prefixed, and the alluring contents of the work under consi-

deration, will tell a different tale; will exhibit him not only as a man eminently gifted with the poetical spirit, but as a laborious and indefatigable writer; uniting in himself all the characteristics of genius found only among those most favoured by nature, together with the assiduity of ordinary minds. The result was that of which he was most ambitious—a widely-spread, well-earned, and, beyond doubt, a lasting reputation. There may have been other bards in these countries who have taken a loftier flight; but certainly no one can be named—not even Prior himself—as his superior in that foremost of all excellencies in Lyric poetry, simplicity of language—alike remote from vulgarity and fastidious refinement. His words, it will be observed, whether with respect to sense or melody, seem perpetually to fall precisely where they ought. The verse of Bayly is for ever the easiest to read, the easiest to sing, the easiest to understand; and if but super-

ficially examined, would seem to be the easiest to imitate; but the attempt to copy his happy style has been made in vain, not merely by the inexperienced, but by many an adroit and practised pen. The prevailing delicacy of his feelings, too, should not pass without its meed of praise. In his lighter poems, in his sprightly prose essays, and in his numerous and popular dramas, he has still the power to charm, amuse, and exhilarate, without false sentimentality, or a particle of coarseness. It is to his eternal honour that impurity has had no share in the success his writings have obtained; in his merriment he is free from grossness, while his genuine pathos goes directly to the heart. But to one so thoroughly capable as yourself of discerning the beauties which adorn his various effusions, I need not say more. You, I am persuaded, appreciate them as I do, and will, I know, use your best exertions, as indeed I shall employ mine, to recommend, in the strongest

terms, the volumes now offered to the world, as much with a view to the gratification of others, as to pay a just tribute to the memory of the ingenious and lamented author. If you conceive that the object can be in the least promoted by the opinions advanced in this communication, pray dispose of my letter in any manner you please, and believe me, with the truest regard, your faithful servant.

Feb. 14th, 1844.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

TUESDAY 25th.—I attended the Italian Opera of *Il Turco in Italia*, followed by a Ballet; an entertainment brought forward in our theatre with much splendour of decoration, and the utmost strength of musical assistance, the whole recommended by that degree of attention to the comfort and accommodation of a fashionable, refined, and numerous audience, for which the Bath

Theatre is probably the most remarkable of any in the British dominions.

The piece is rich in all that usually constitutes Italian Opera, admirable harmony of voice and instrument; foreign energies, and appropriate action—applied to little or no purpose, as to the conduct of the fable, but exceedingly suited to the important object of amusing the spectator, the most pure and faultless recitation of words not worth reciting, attitudes and movements of the human form, so redundant and effeminate as to be, on that account, ludicrous, yet redeemed by unspeakable gracefulness, from the derision they would otherwise invite. Add to this general view of an Italian Opera, the particular excellence of the Orchestra, including the enchanting mastery of his bow by Mr. John Loder, the homage paid to music by the really scientific part of the audience, and the profound, indeed, funereal solemnity of gaze with which the wonder was greeted by the

uninitiated many; and you have the best account I shall take the trouble to give you of this gorgeous Bath novelty.

On Wednesday the 26th, I was allured to the Theatre by the comedy of *The Rivals*. This sprightly monstrosity, or five-act Farce, gave me an opportunity of seeing Mr. Belamy as an absurd personage of upper life to the *outré* of which he seems to have too much delicacy of feelings to do justice. He was altogether not sufficiently silly for Sir Anthony; but on the other hand he was neither preposterous nor gross, and in some scenes was transcendently happy; he is, I repeat it fearlessly, a comedian of rare abilities. Mr. Lee played Sir Lucius O'Trigger with the nicest attention to character; permitting his Irishman to betray himself to the spectator by generosity, courage, gallantry, poverty, and the accent of his nation—not by vulgarity. — Mrs. Bailey was a very affecting and rational Julia; and Mrs. Green played Mrs. Mala-

prop better than she looked the part. In the sensible airy Captain Absolute, Mr. Vining left his warmest admirers nothing to wish for; Charles Kemble might have taken a lesson from him, as any David might from the David of Mr. Ayliffe. This play, manifestly the production of a young writer, is throughout as much at variance with the laws, even of stage probability, as the author's other comedy, the *School for Scandal* is with the moral code. It is not absolutely impossible to imagine, within certain limits, such persons as Acres, Faulkland, and Lydia Languish; but it is perfectly impossible to believe what the poet would seem to insinuate, the conjugal felicity of the parties concerned; for Faulkland must for ever continue the creature of morbid sensibility, and Lydia be everlastingly a fool. This, however, is the author's affair; and he is not to be made responsible for what belongs peculiarly to the department of the actor. Mr. Osbaldiston as Faulkland,

gave great effect to the dialogue, but on the whole was too cheerful for such a mass of sentimentality as he had to work with; and Miss Brunton, in some scenes, made so very a simpleton of Lydia, as to leave her husband and us without a shadow of hope. Much of her performance was nevertheless, eminently good and worthy of herself. Mr. Woulds, as I have elsewhere observed, can do nothing on the stage which is not distinguished by the vigour and originality which are, as it were, the birthright of genius; and perhaps he may in Acres be allowed to run riot, which in truth he did; nor could he well do less, considering the inadmissible foolishness of his dress in the part. And this reminds me of my former strictures on the subject of dramatic dressing, and the perplexities arising from inattention to the rule I presumed to lay down, that a play should, if possible, be dressed in the fashion of the period when the plot of the piece is laid.

Saturday, 18. *The Wonder*, with the Farce of *A Roland for an Oliver*; the parts of Violante and Maria Darlington, by Miss Foote; and she performed them both much to the satisfaction of a crowded Theatre. The comedy was altogether fairly played; and some of Mr. Cooke's scenes as Colonel Briton, were very good, especially that in which he laughingly described his interview with Violante; and he was well supported in this scene particularly, by Mr. Montagu, as Don Felix. *The Wonder* has in it much interesting bustle, and various comic situations; but it is so exceedingly impure, that we are tempted to say it should neither have been written by, nor acted in the presence of—a female! The dressing was as usual ridiculous, Colonel Briton (a Scotch Field Officer of other days), partly habited like one of the new-raised Lancers; with a modern French Marshal's hat, and a pair of trousers borrowed from one of the Forty Thieves. Gibby (very tolerably portrayed

by Mr. Hamerton), attired as a Stage Highlander; the Portuguese gentlemen in reputed Spanish garbs of four hundred years ago; and the ladies arrayed as it seemed meet unto them and their milliners. Of the Farce we shall say nothing; nor more than a few words on what, though it occurred in *A Roland for an Oliver*, is not confined to that nor any other piece upon our boards: the censure applies universally. We allude to the discipline of the Hat, in which, indeed some training is required on every stage in England. The wearers are in the practice of perpetually taking them off in the open air, and keeping them off for a season; and all this without any other cause than for the pleasure of putting them on again. We may be told that player's hats are trifles; so they are, and so perhaps are their heads—but if worn, let them be worn sensibly! Though we shall ourselves say nothing of the performance of the Farce, we crave permission to conclude this article

by repeating a question we heard put by a smart child of ten or eleven years of age: he desired eagerly to know what it was which threw Mr. Ayliffe, as Fixture, into so tremendous a fit of passion?

THE BATH STAGE.

MONDAY, 6th Feb.—We had at the Theatre a repetition of the goblin horrors of *Der Freischutz*, and as an after-piece, *Charles II.*, and in neither was there anything observable of which we have not already taken sufficient notice. The combined admirers of the raw head and bloody bones school, of the musical and the laughable, did not amount to more than a very scanty audience.—On Thursday evening there was a still greater scarcity of spectators, to be partly accounted for, perhaps, by

the circumstance of a ball at the Rooms, which held out peculiar temptations; and in consequence, Shakspeare's (or rather the Play-house,) *Richard III.* was nearly deserted. The part of the Duke of Gloucester was represented by a gentleman, who, according to the bills, had never before appeared upon any stage. His deportment did not correspond with this averment; for he was perfectly at his ease, and really, in some respects, his performance was not below mediocrity. But his ambition to be an actor seemed not to be supported by adequate natural powers; and a defective education was more perceptible than any want of understanding. His person was not in his favour, and his countenance was still less advantageous than his form; his voice, in its lower tones, was not a very bad one, but failed him utterly where loudness was required; and his articulation was marred by a lisp so decided, as nearly to convert into burlesque every word intended

to be solemn or energetic. Worse, if possible, than all this, was his erroneous punctuation, &c. of the many brilliant and well-remembered passages in which the play abounds. While observing him, we were tempted to suspect, that although he might before have been in the presence of an audience, he never could have attended a rehearsal of *Richard* superintended by any competent judge of the arts of reading and speaking. Those who incited him to rush before the tribunal of the public, must either have heard him repeat the part, or not have heard him! But the fact is, that he had passed the managerial ordeal, and been approved of; so that his deviations from propriety are to be attributed to others more than to himself. The ignorance of his approvers, no doubt, encouraged the gentleman in his misconceptions of the great author's meaning, and to them, not to him, must we assign many of his errors. We shall record but one or two, and confine

ourselves to the preparations, &c. for the battle of Bosworth—scenes in which the actor has various opportunities of doing either right or wrong. Like Kean, and others, he sneered, and made an unseemly long pause in saying “Well, Sir, as you—guess.” This is neither princely nor gentlemanly, but ill-breeding to the last degree. He issued his orders relative to his horse in the usual foolish manner, censured a thousand times already, “Saddle White Surry for the field to-morrow,” in consequence of which poor Surry must needs pass a most uncomfortable night. But manifestly there should be an interval between field and to-morrow, which last should be emphatic. In his dream he called for another horse; whereas, by a marked accentuation of the word another, the fine thought of the poet is conveyed to the mind; and Richard’s being unhorsed in the fight, and thereby slain, is foretold. He exclaimed, pointing still to one place in the side-scene, “Draw,

archers, draw, your arrows to the head; spur your proud coursers hard," &c., overlooking entirely the common sense of the passage, which Cooke taught the stage; because he reflected that archers were not usually mounted; and he always turned about, as if addressing cavalry in another quarter of the field; but, enough of the gentleman! He was surely less to blame than his advisers of the dramatic council, under whose sapient guidance some other strange matters in the tragedy were ordained and executed; for instance, banners on cross-bars, as used by the Romans, but never by the English. Crimson breeches and cotton stockings for the soldiery; truncheons for the chieftains; (but, for the behoof of managers, let it be known, that truncheons were not invented in 1485.) Then, such martial habiliments, arms, &c. for Richmond, as we opine were never worn by any individual from the siege of Troy down to the battle of Waterloo; the helmet of Mark Antony, the scale coat

of General Fairfax; a petticoat of chain-mail; a Pall-Mall small sword, and a shield (without a device,) belonging to one of the knights in "Amadis de Gaul." Thus accoutred, we pitied Mr. Montague, who looked like a silver lobster. Let us subjoin the fact of Richard's being allowed to run about to the last moment almost, in silk hose and yellow pumps; attired otherwise like the king of diamonds, and only drawing on a pair of buff-coloured boots to signify fighting! We admit these to be contemptible subjects of criticism, yet are they entitled to notice, nevertheless, because they are of the number of deliberate absurdities, the result, doubtless, of infinite pains-taking and forethought among our directors of the drama. We could enlarge formidably on this head, but for the present shall abstain.

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE OF SATURDAY,
JUNE 12, 1847.

MEDALS.
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To the Editor of the United Service Gazette.

351 Strand, London.

SIR,—In the announced determination on the part of Government to grant Medals to the Army and Navy for various distinguished services, the measure is obviously one addressing itself to the feelings of the warriors concerned, and those of their family connexions, as well as of their successors in the noble profession of arms.

The date of the brilliant actions referred to, does not, I believe, go further back than June 1st 1794, the day of Lord Howe's great victory over the enemy's fleet. But permit me to ask why the intended testimonial should be denied to such men as shared in the battles of their country, prior to the above date? I might, indeed, in-

quire (with an enlightened correspondent of the Gazette), why the Medals should not be bestowed on the representatives, in name or kindred, of the gallant men no longer living, but who generously bled in the cause of Britain? There can be, I admit, but few of the original witnesses of British triumph now remaining; yet some there are; and with one of these veterans—a much respected inhabitant of this city—I have the honour to be acquainted. He is no doubt, old, holding the high rank of a Vice Admiral, but altogether unimpaired in his not ordinary faculties by length of years, and in his sensibilities quite as acute as he ever was, or as a man can be. He was in Lord Rodney's action with De Grasse, on the 12th of April, 1782, and engaged in conflict more than sixty times subsequently. Is it seemly that this, the shipmate and comrade of England's Nelson, should drop into the tomb, undecorated: that his snowy, honoured head should droop

and his bold heart wither, under the blight of national neglect ? No more cruel fate can well be imagined, nor can I believe that such injustice was contemplated.

With a hope that you may find it convenient to publish this letter, and thereby afford its contents a chance of being perused and pondered on by some in authority.

I am, Sir, &c.

Bath, Saturday June 5th, 1847.

MARRIAGE WITH A SISTER OR BROTHER-
IN-LAW.

To the Editor of the Bath Chronicle.

SIR,—The public journals of this country have recently been crowded with communications from correspondents, and comments from their editors, on the subject of the propriety of the marriage of a widower with the sister of his wife, &c. It appears

to me that there is not any room for making this a question in a nation professing Christian, moral, or social principles ; and for this opinion I beg leave to offer such reasons as ought to preclude all future dispute upon the point in controversy. The widower, by his first marriage, may have a son ; by his second, with his wife's sister, a daughter. These children are, in one sense, brother and sister ; in another, cousins only, in which latter condition each may lawfully marry with the other ; but if they do so marry, they are guilty of the revolting and enormous crime of incest !

Again, a married man may, in sickness and sorrow, be familiarly visited and waited on by his sister-in-law ; while, should he be at liberty to marry this sister-in-law, she cannot so visit and attend on her sister's husband without possible loss of reputation.

I submit the above to the solemn consideration of the religious, the rational, and

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the decorous among your readers; and am
Sir, &c.

May 4th, 1849.

THEATRICAL RIOT.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

THE dramatic performance must find a critical eulogist elsewhere; my present object is to notice, and invite others to notice the riotous proceeding referred to, to state the particulars, and, if possible, excite public indignation on the occasion. I observed a man, seated nearly in the middle of the pit; whom, from his gestures, I conclude to have been *almost* drunk, and who took an opportunity to rise and call aloud to the house, and the musicians, for the air "God save the King." A youth, near him (continuing to wear his hat when others were uncovered), refused to take it off, be-

cause commanded to do so by this imperious person, who immediately, with wanton and cowardly insolence, struck the wearer and knocked off his hat; this was resented by the individual assaulted, and *should* have been by the audience; blows followed, &c. This is one view of the affair—let us now inspect the transaction in another light. A polite assemblage met for innocent amusement, including young and delicate females, literary respectability, and venerable age—their harmless merriment interrupted, and all their cheerful sensations converted into irritation and alarm, at the bidding of a solitary ruffian, affecting loyalty,—ladies compelled to stand submissively, and gentlemen to uncover their heads because this miscreant desired it; and a brutal scene exhibited in a place devoted to elegant and rational gratification. Let us, besides, consider to what all this tends, and what it really means;—the Tyranny of the Rabble—at variance alike with free-

dom, decency, and repose! Are we again to have those horrible times renewed when no Englishman's comfort, or liberty, or even life was secure in a Theatre, but, on the contrary, were at the mercy of spies, prize-fighters, and hired informers! Are those hideous scenes to be revived and revived in Bath—when every thing else connected with Bath is threatened with decay?

I wish so well to the interests of his Majesty's Government as most heartily to hope that it has but few such friends as the disturber of our quiet last evening. I am also a sincere well-wisher to the prosperity of our Theatre; and accordingly hope that measures may be taken to prevent a repetition of what I have complained of. The man alluded to should be exposed, and otherwise punished, for ebriety, obscenity, and a breach of the peace; and the injured boy—in whose person both the audience and the city have been insulted, should prosecute him for an assault; and if those who

manage the concerns of the Theatre Royal here do not exert themselves in this instance, it is not difficult to foresee the detriment their establishment will suffer, or the mischievous consequences to the town in general which must ensue; though it would not be easy to calculate the extent of the evil certain to arise from carelessness or connivance, which, in this case, will infallibly operate as an encouragement to the bad, and to the terror of those who seek for entertainment, and for decency. Having thus far done my duty as a citizen by giving the foregoing hints, I shall not any longer trespass on your time.

I am, Sir

Your humble servant.

LINES

ON A PORTRAIT OF MISS L. E. SHERIDAN.

A VERY pretty picture this—
A picture one might long to kiss ;
Whose air of elegance and ease,
Deriv'd from you, is sure to please.
Yet would I in *your* portrait find
What ne'er can be displayed—your mind :
What Reynold's self would fail to trace—
Each *varying* charm, each *moving* grace,
I'd have pourtrayed to perfect it—
Taste and *hereditary* wit ;
Knowledge, and sense, and spirit, too,
Or how should it resemble you !

MURDER.

To the Editor of the Bath Herald.

SIR,—I have rarely presumed to trouble
you, or your readers, with discussions on
subjects of a political nature. A very re-

cent statement, however, in an Irish newspaper, detailing the killing of a gentleman of the name of North, induces me to violate my own rule as your correspondent, and, in hopes of exciting public attention, to offer you a few remarks on what appears to me a point of the highest interest to all who value social order, to all who boast of living under the protection of a wise government, and of enjoying the blessing of security in a nation of freemen.

In Ireland (I confine myself to that portion of Her Majesty's wide dominions), for, at least, the space of the last fifty years, scarcely twelve months have passed in that luckless and lovely country, unstained by the dreadful crime of murder, and that of a description peculiarly horrible; the cowardly assassination of some useful honourable man, engaged in the important and beneficial duties of magistrate, landlord, agent to an estate, &c. The ordinary manner in which the unsuspecting victim meets his

fate is this: returning to the bosom of his innocent, cheerful home, mostly in broad daylight, near his own door, and frequently within view of a crowd of labourers employed in field-work, he is slain on the spot, or mortally mangled by the gun of a solitary villain, who lays in wait for him, and who then, generally, walks slowly away, and invariably and altogether escapes; indebted for his safety to the want of an efficient police, and the non-interference of the spectators of the cruel deed. Government, perhaps, proclaims a reward for the discovery and conviction of the assassin, or, perhaps, does not; the verdict of the coroner's jury on the occasion is "Murder by a person or persons unknown!" the slaughtered husband of a bereaved widow, and the father of probably impoverished orphans, is committed to the grave, and there the affair terminates. But what must be the brutal stupidity of that government which has never yet been known to inquire

concerning the undoubted existence of some ruling council by which the murder is planned, and the hired miscreant appointed to perpetrate it! Till this secret brotherhood of conspirators is sought out, detected and punished, to talk of a government is worse than mockery of human feelings; and the common sense of mankind will pronounce, and be authorised to pronounce, the members of that government the encouragers and advisers of the bloodshed they affect to condemn.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

YOUNG'S MACBETH.

For the Bath Herald.

ON Monday Mr. Young performed the very difficult character of Macbeth, justly termed the most agitated personage in the drama, and therefore requiring, perhaps,

more bodily force than any other; and certainly more than Mr. Y. possesses. His conception, however, of the part was altogether admirably correct and choicely illustrated by his manner of acting. He displayed with great ability all the requisite turbulence of passion, and all the conflicting agitations of Macbeth, who is, throughout the victim of contending and contrasted emotions: no power of words can be so applied as to exaggerate the merit of Mr. Young's exhibition of professional talents in his portrait of the tyrant—he omitted nothing; we had before us Macbeth, as the poet designed him—brave, modest, laudably aspiring, tender-hearted, superstitious, ambitious, depraved; for a season, sanguinary—merciless; and almost, but never quite, remorseless; towards the conclusion, a coward too: and here Mr. Young, with resplendent genius, sketched the nice difference between the unnerving spasms of a tortured conscience, and what may be styled

vulgar pusillanimity; the sordid love of being, by which Macbeth is for a moment influenced, when he refuses to fight Macduff. All this and much besides, was most beautiful: scene after scene filled and satisfied the understanding, and the whole was worthy of Young and of Shakspeare.

But some of his readings require discussion: whatever such an accomplished actor does, must not be passed over in silence, nor lightly set aside: curiosity is accordingly excited, and we wish to know why Mr. Young adopted the few peculiarities we proceed to notice:—In the 5th scene of the 1st act, he said to Banquo, “Do you not hope your children *shall* be kings?” Ought not the emphases here take place on *children* and on *kings*?—children means posterity, and the question is whether regality awaits the successors of Banquo or not? In act 2nd, scene 2nd, “Is this a *dagger* which I see,” &c., *dagger* is not the emphatic word, but *is* should be accented strongly; for Mac-

beth is not in doubt whether he sees a dagger or something else, but whether what he beholds is a dagger in reality, or a dagger of the mind. Towards the conclusion of act 5, scene 3, Mr. Y. condescends to use a modern and tasteless alteration of the pure text, which spoils one of the finest passages in this noble effort of the human faculties—"Why so, being gone, I am a man *again*." There is no such expression in the original. The words are "I am a man." As if Macbeth had said, "before I was a cipher, a nothing; released from the horrors inspired by the fearful apparition, I am what I should be, a man." This is what Shakspeare, no doubt, intended.

ENGLISH ALPHABETICAL RIVERS.

FROM all the letters of our alphabet,
Select the *fourth*, as foremost of the set;
The *twentieth* fix on next, and use your wit—

'Tis of small worth, unless you double it ;
Then letter *twenty-fourth* employ ; nay more,
The *twenty-fifth*, and you'll complete your store ;
For these will name, according to my notion,
Rivers which run into the British Ocean.

HARDIMAN'S HISTORY OF GALWAY.

A LETTER of mine to a Magazine Editor is as follows, and is dated Bath, January, 1822.

“I lately, and by accident, heard of a publication in 1820, the History of Galway, by James Hardiman, Esq., in 1 vol. 4to. and obtained a copy through a friend in Dublin, having previously applied in vain to several London booksellers, who declared the work unknown to them. I have read it with some care, and as I apprehend that the best interests of literature, and of national and individual feelings, are concerned in a performance abounding with anecdote and with topographical and anti-

quarian knowledge, I presume to recommend the History of Galway to the perusal of some of your numerous readers, to whom it may still be as much a stranger as to the London publishers, and for a like reason—because it has not been sufficiently advertised.

“The History of Galway is altogether the production of Ireland, and highly creditable, in every point of view, to the reputation of that portion of the empire. The author displays properties seldom combined in the writer of history; indefatigable industry, liberality, erudition, taste, a thorough acquaintance with genealogy and heraldry, and no ordinary powers of composition. The printing of his work is well executed, and the plates capitally engraved from several masterly and correct designs.

“Supposing it possible that such a book could experience public neglect, it must (as insinuated above) be attributed to there not having been proper notice diffused, by

frequent advertisements in the popular newspapers of the metropolis; a measure indispensable in similar cases. If, however, you are so obliging to an old correspondent as to insert this letter, you will assist in affording such a share of publicity to the History of Galway as will secure it from the fate of being totally unnoticed; and possibly be the means of much gratification to many a generous and enlightened mind, particularly to readers and collectors of local history, and perhaps to many persons dwelling in, and natives of England, who will observe in Mr. Hardiman's well-traced pedigrees some curious circumstances connected with domestic records. The founders of the very ancient and peculiar town of Galway were English and Anglo-Norman; and their descendants are to be found dispersed throughout Great Britain and the world at the present day, and their blood mingled with that of various distinguished and noble houses.

"In the distribution of his matter, Mr. Hardiman has shown much literary adroitness; he is minute without being prolix, his learning is devoid of pedantry, and his statement of facts perfectly free from party acrimony, yet copious and bold. I also gladly profess myself unable to discover either bigotry or lukewarmness in his religious or patriotic sentiments, which are notwithstanding, manfully avowed."

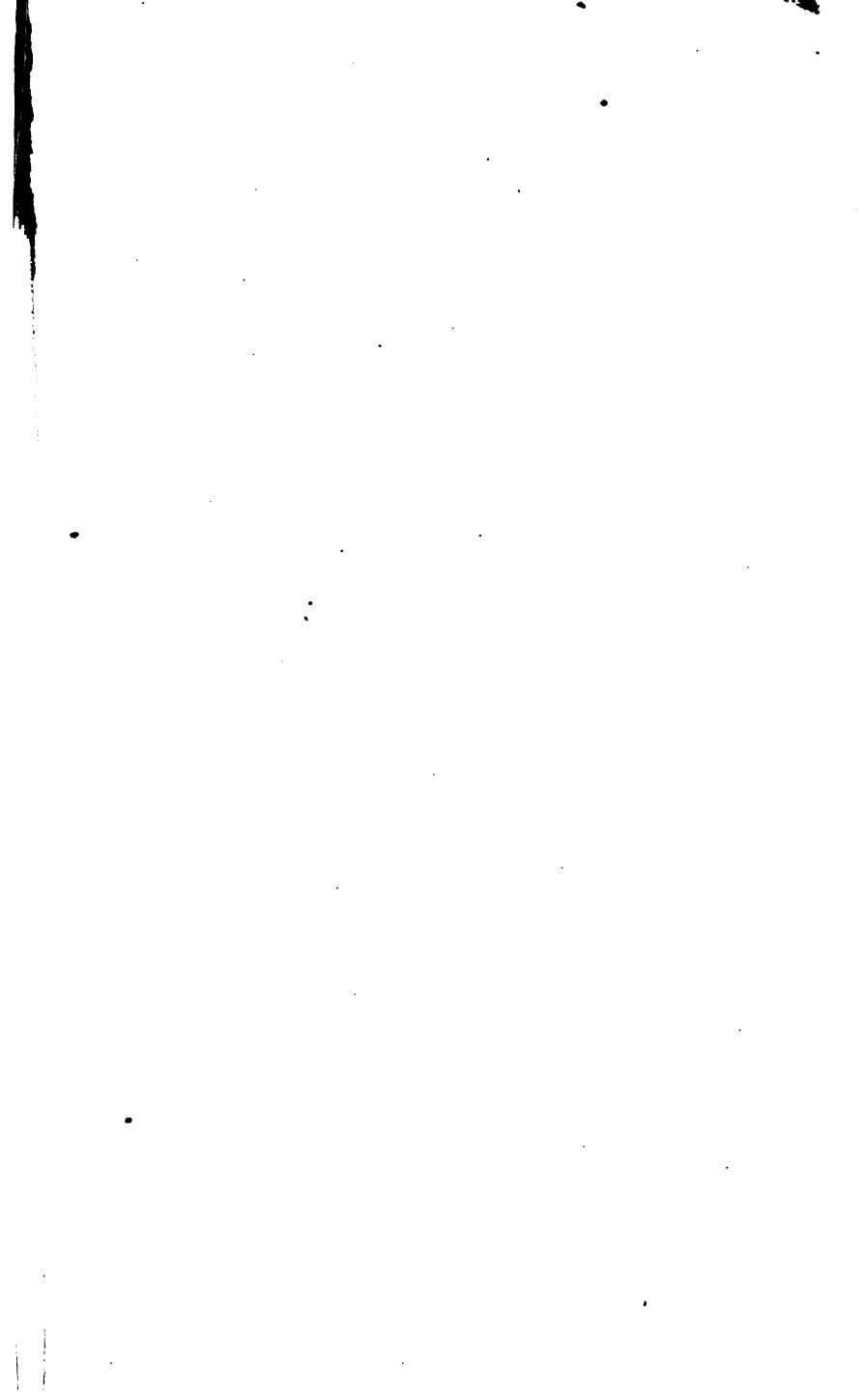
I am, Sir, &c.

Johnstone-street, Bath, Jan. 1, 1823.

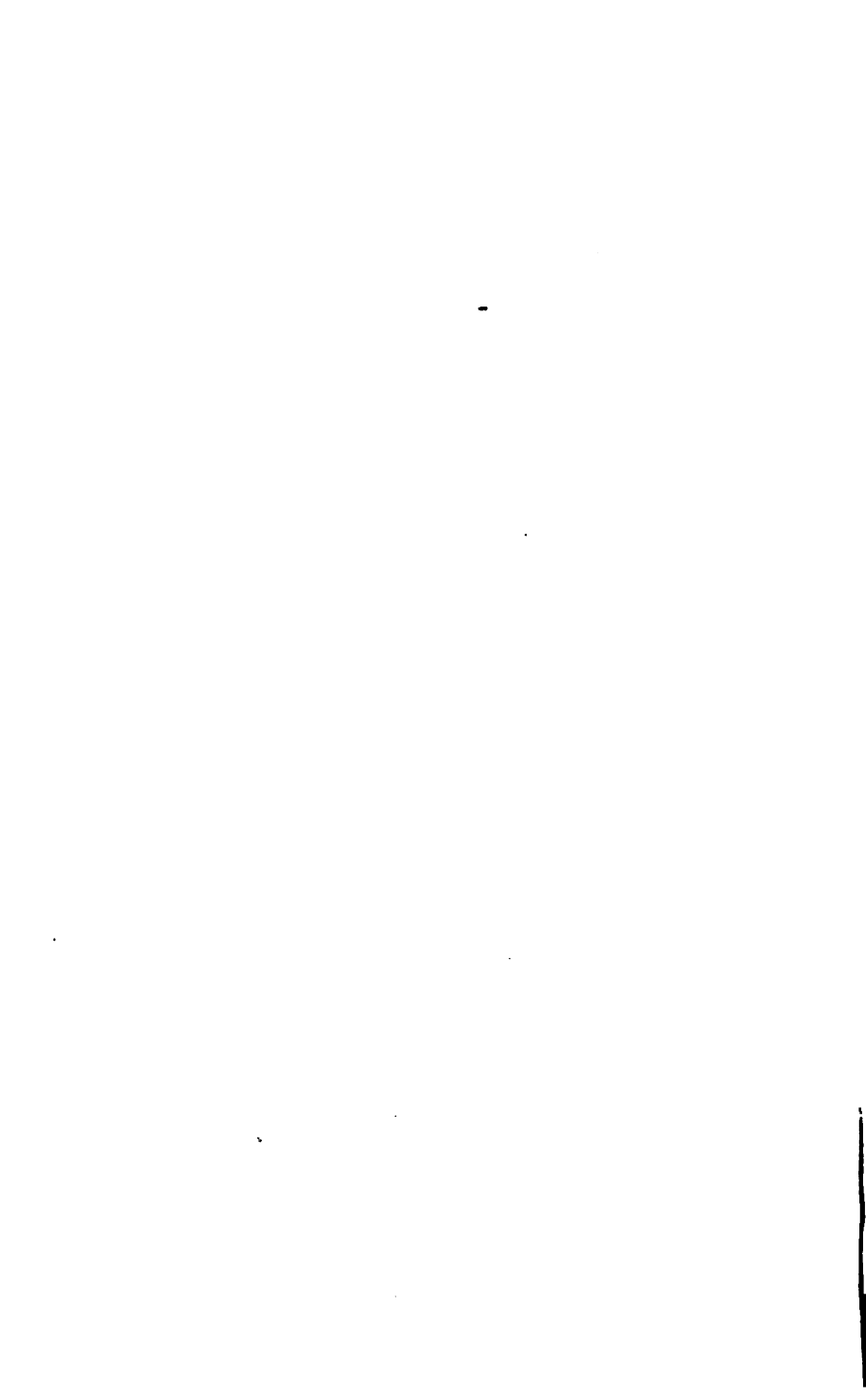
THE END.

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